DAREDEVIL®
REBORN

ANDY DIGGLE • DAVIDE GIANFELICE

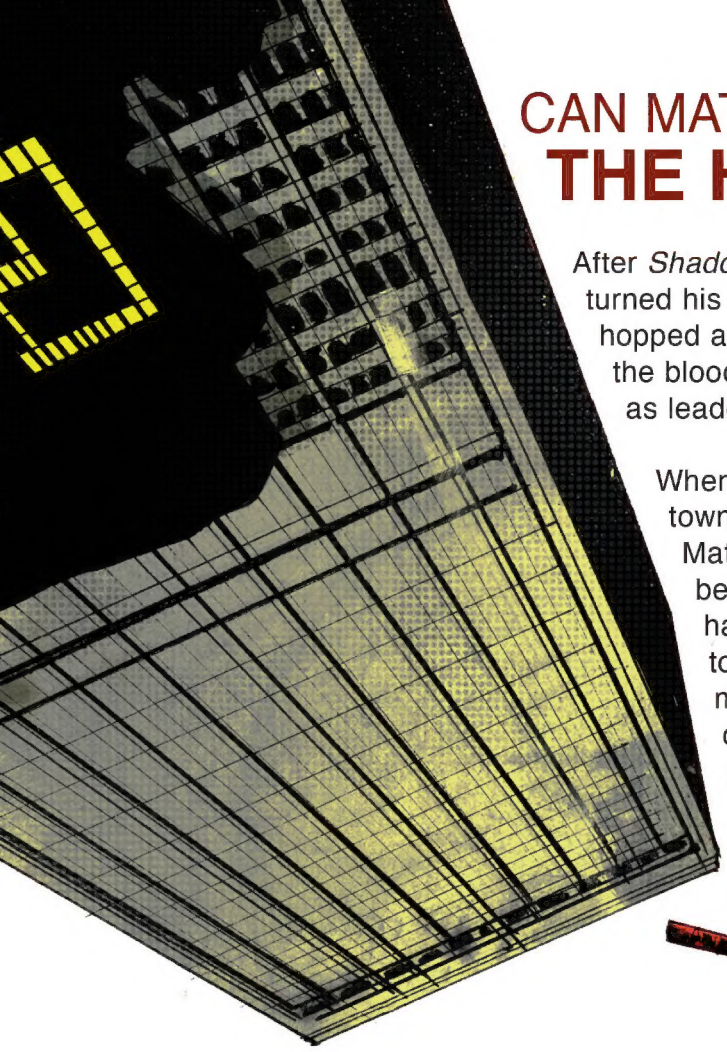
MARVEL

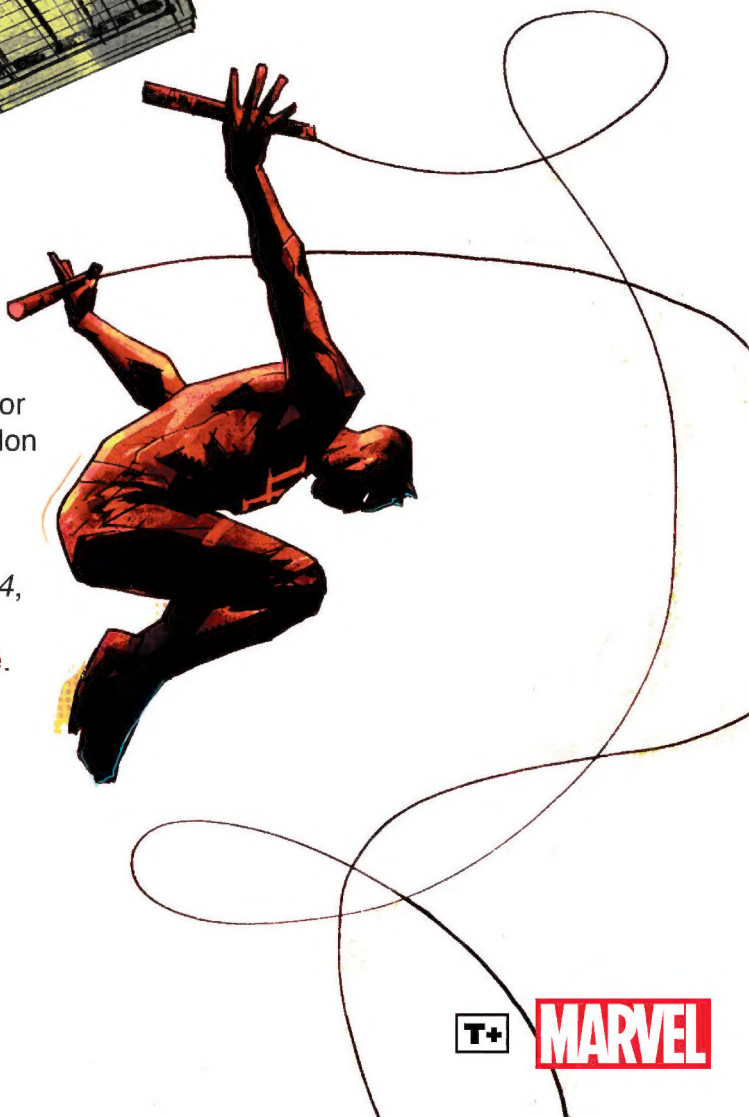
PREMIERE EDITION

CAN MATT MURDOCK DENY THE HERO WITHIN?

After *Shadowland*, Matt Murdock left New York, turned his back on his life as Daredevil, and hopped a cross-country bus hoping to forget the bloodshed and betrayal he presided over as leader of the Hand.

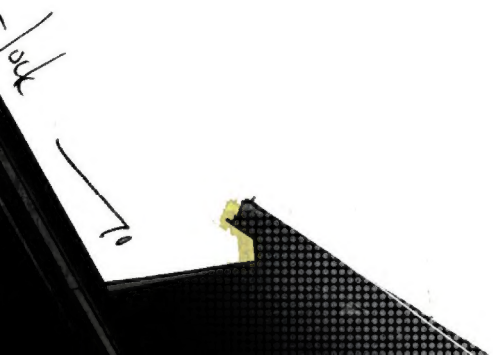
When he finds himself in a small desert town that doesn't take kindly to outsiders, Matt quickly realizes there's a reason behind the locals' enmity. Corruption has spread though the townsfolk and to the highest levels of law enforcement — and when the sheriff learns of Matt's past as a super hero, he aims to eliminate the threat altogether.





With his life on the line and innocent citizens in need of a hero, Matt Murdock will face his legacy as Daredevil and decide once and for all whether to be a hero or to abandon his life as a crime-fighter and start anew.

Collecting *Daredevil: Reborn #1-4*, written by **Andy Diggle** and illustrated by **Davide Gianfelice**.



T+ MARVEL

DAREDEVIL REBORN

DAREDEVIL REBORN

Writer: **ANDY DIGGLE**
Artist: **DAVIDE GIANFELICE**
Colorist: **MATT HOLLINGSWORTH**
Letterer: **VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA**
Cover Artist: **JOCK**
Associate Editor: **ALEJANDRO ARBONA**
Senior Editor: **STEPHEN WACKER**

Collection Editor & Design: **CORY LEVINE**
Editorial Assistants: **JAMES EMMETT** & **JOE HOCHSTEIN**
Assistant Editors: **MATT MASDEU, ALEX STARBUCK** & **NELSON RIBEIRO**
Editors, Special Projects: **JENNIFER GRÜNWALD** & **MARK D. BEAZLEY**
Senior Editor, Special Projects: **JEFF YOUNGQUIST**
Senior Vice President of Sales: **DAVID GABRIEL**
SVP of Brand Planning & Communications: **MICHAEL PASCIULLO**

Digital Manager/Production: **TIM SMITH 3**
Digital Production: **MAGGIE SIEGEL-BERELE**

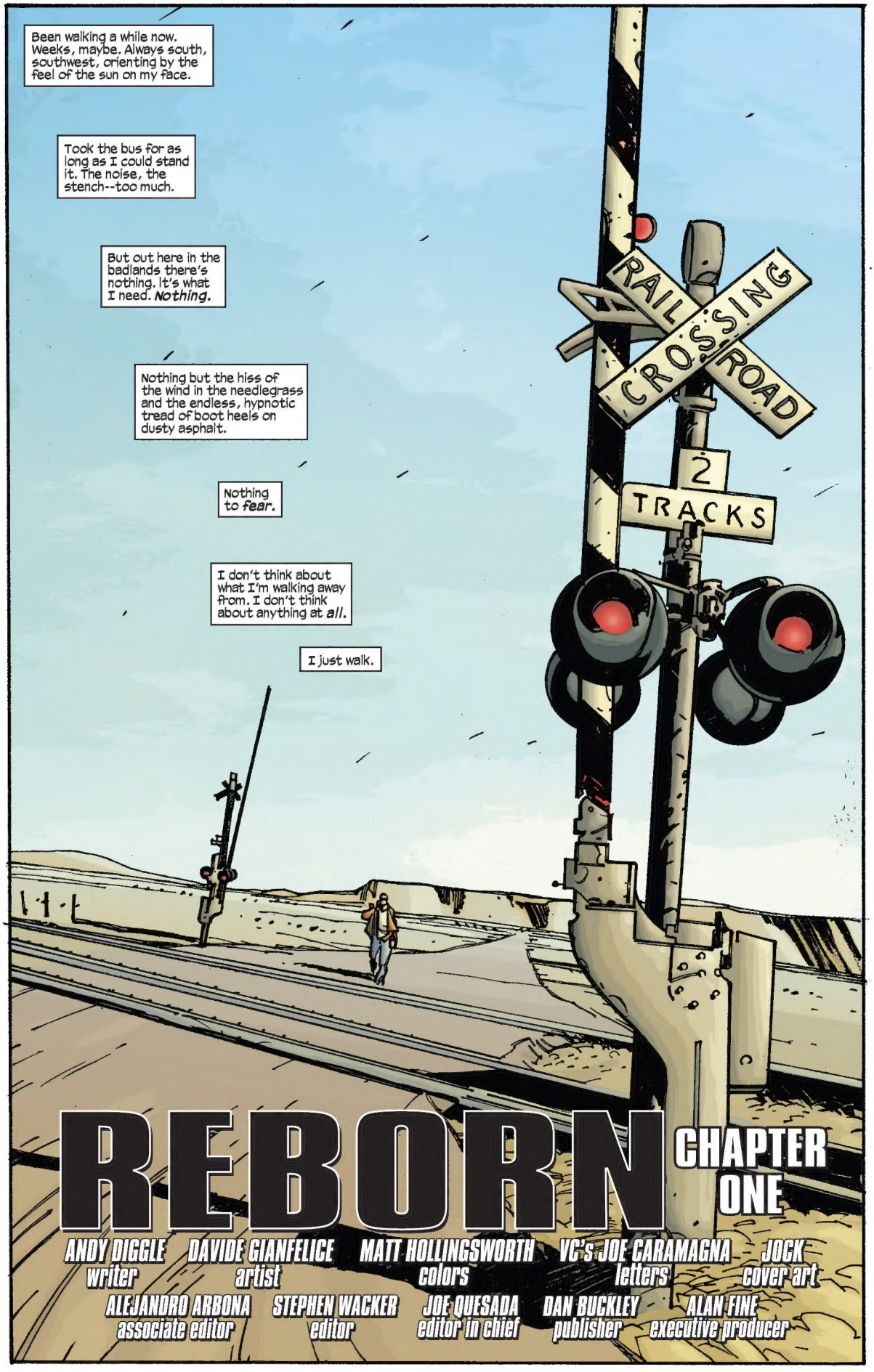
Editor In Chief: **AXEL ALONSO**
Chief Creative Officer: **JOE QUESADA**
Publisher: **DAN BUCKLEY**
Executive Producer: **ALAN FINE**

© 2015 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

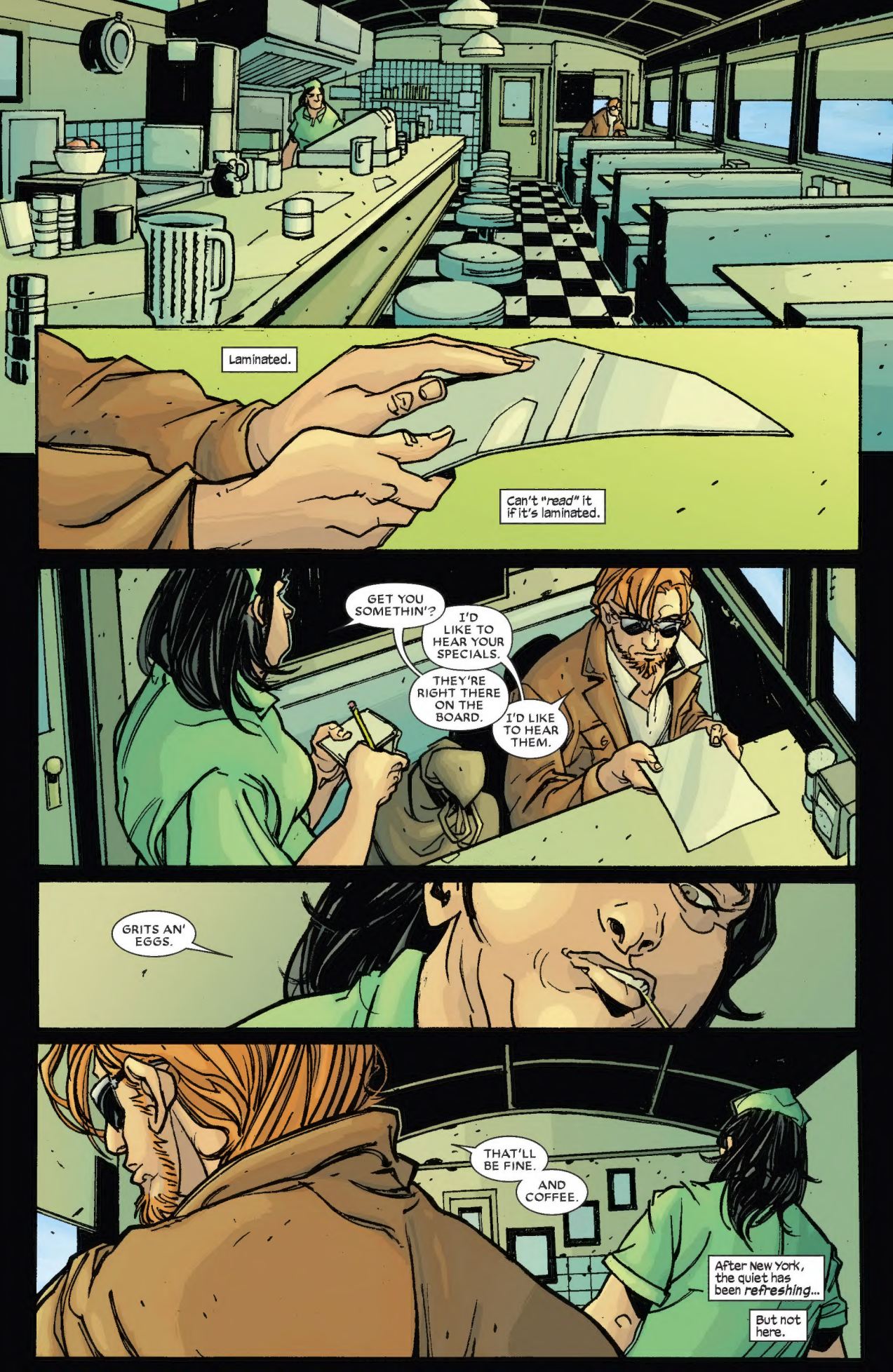
DAREDEVIL REBORN

MARVEL LIMITED SERIES 1 of 4

Diggle
Gianfelice
Hollingsworth


Been walking a while now. Weeks, maybe. Always south, southwest, orienting by the feel of the sun on my face.
Took the bus for as long as I could stand it. The noise, the stench--too much.
But out here in the badlands there's nothing. It's what I need. Nothing.
Nothing but the hiss of the wind in the needlegrass and the endless, hypnotic tread of boot heels on dusty asphalt.
Nothing to fear.
I don't think about what I'm walking away from. I don't think about anything at all.
I just walk.
RAIL ROAD CROSSING
2 TRACKS
REBORN
CHAPTER ONE
ANDY DIGGLE writer
DAVIDE GIANFELICE artist
MATT HOLLINGSWORTH colors
VC's JOE CARAMAGNA letters
JOCK cover art
ALEJANDRO ARBONA associate editor
STEPHEN WACKER editor
JOE QUESADA editor in chief
DAN BUCKLEY publisher
ALAN FINE executive producer

Busy Bee Cafe
PINNG
TUNK


Laminated.
Can't "read" it if it's laminated.
GET YOU SOMETHIN'?
I'D LIKE TO HEAR YOUR SPECIALS.
THEY'RE RIGHT THERE ON THE BOARD.
I'D LIKE TO HEAR THEM.
GRITS AN' EGGS.
THAT'LL BE FINE.
AND COFFEE.
After New York, the quiet has been refreshing...
But not here.

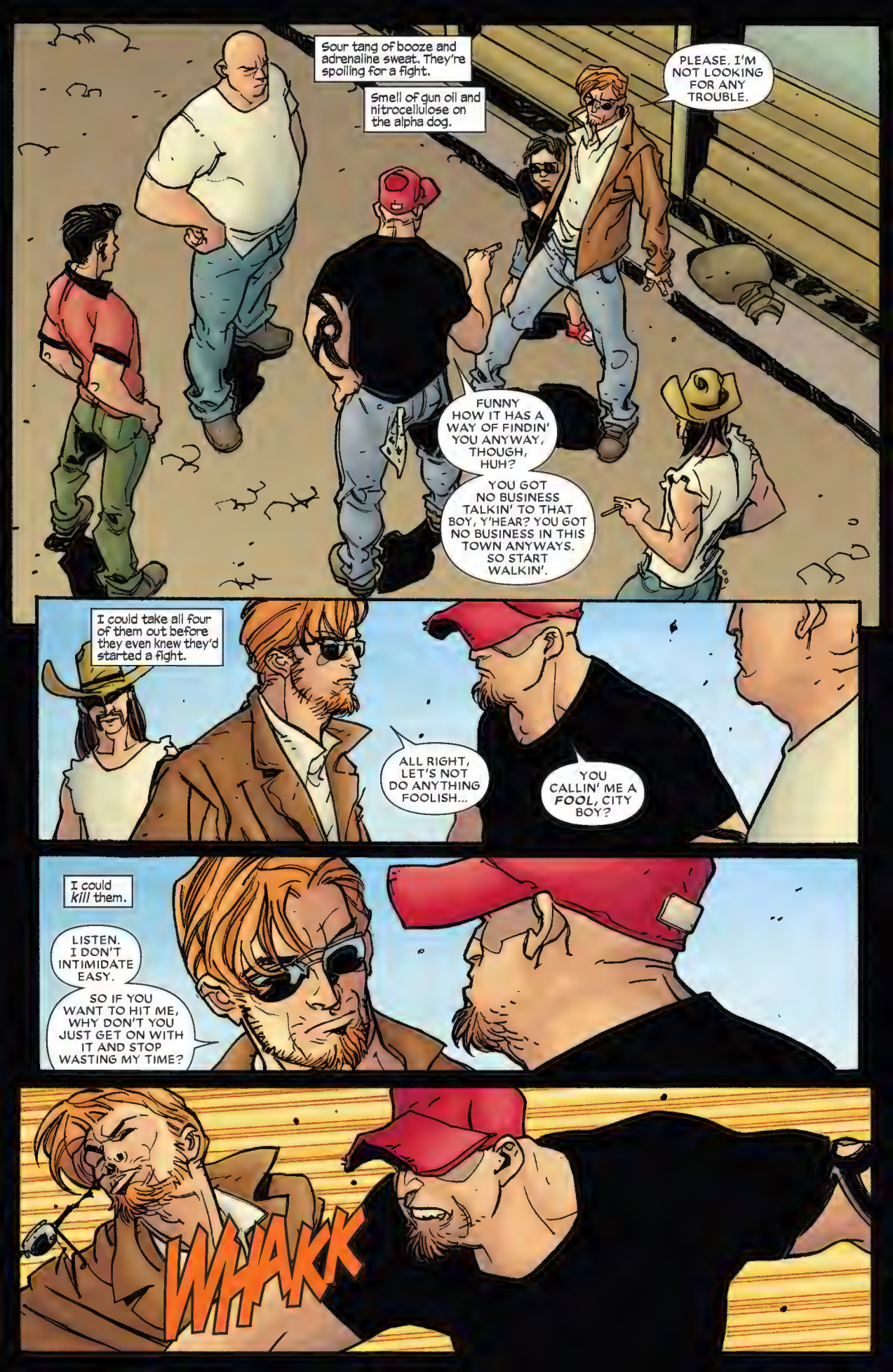
This feels more like the quiet of the grave.
PING.
TUNK
SO YOUR CAR BREAK DOWN?
KLUNK
I'M SORRY?
I DIDN'T HEAR NO CAR.
I, UH...I WALKED.
ALL THE WAY ACROSS THE BADLANDS? YOU PLUMB CRAZY?!

I LIKE TO WALK. IT CLEARS MY HEAD.
FRIES YOUR *BRAINS*, MORE LIKE...
SO I GUESS YOU GOT...*BUSINESS* IN TOWN, HUH?
JUST PASSING THROUGH.
WE DON'T EXACTLY GET A LOT OF SIGHTSEERS AROUND HERE.

PINNG
TUNK
DAMMIT--!
EASY, KID.
HERE. LET ME SHOW YOU.
IT'LL SPIN DIFFERENT EVERY TIME. YOU NEVER KNOW WHICH WAY IT'S GOING TO COME AT YOU.
SO *LISTEN*. PAINT A PICTURE IN YOUR HEAD OF EVERY SOUND AROUND YOU. FOOTSTEPS. VOICES. THE WIND IN THE WIRES OVERHEAD...
FEEL IT COME OFF THE WALLS.
NOW WHEN YOU FLIP THE COIN, THAT TINY SPINNING SOUND IT MAKES? YOUR HAND *KNOWS* WHERE IT IS.
DON'T WAIT FOR IT TO COME TO YOU. REACH OUT AND *TAKE* IT.

PINNG
HA!
FAP
PRETTY SLICK.
SO HOW LONG AGO DID YOU LOSE YOUR SIGHT?
FEW MONTHS. MUZZLE FLASH.
JEEZ.
WELL LISTEN. I KNOW IT'S HARD. I KNOW RIGHT NOW IT FEELS LIKE THE END OF THE WORLD...
...BUT I'VE BEEN WHERE YOU ARE, KID, AND TRUST ME, IT AIN'T.
YOU'RE BLIND TOO?
SINCE I WAS ABOUT YOUR AGE.
SO AS BAD AS THINGS MAY GET, JUST REMEMBER--
YOU'RE NOT ALONE.

ARE YOU ALONE?
I'M--
THAT...
THAT'S DIFFERENT.
YOU LOOK LOST, MISTER.
The kid's heartbeat spikes.
He knows these men. And he's terrified of them.
FIGURE MAYBE YOU TOOK A WRONG TURN.
I'D BE HAPPY TA' SHOW YOU THE WAY OUTTA TOWN.

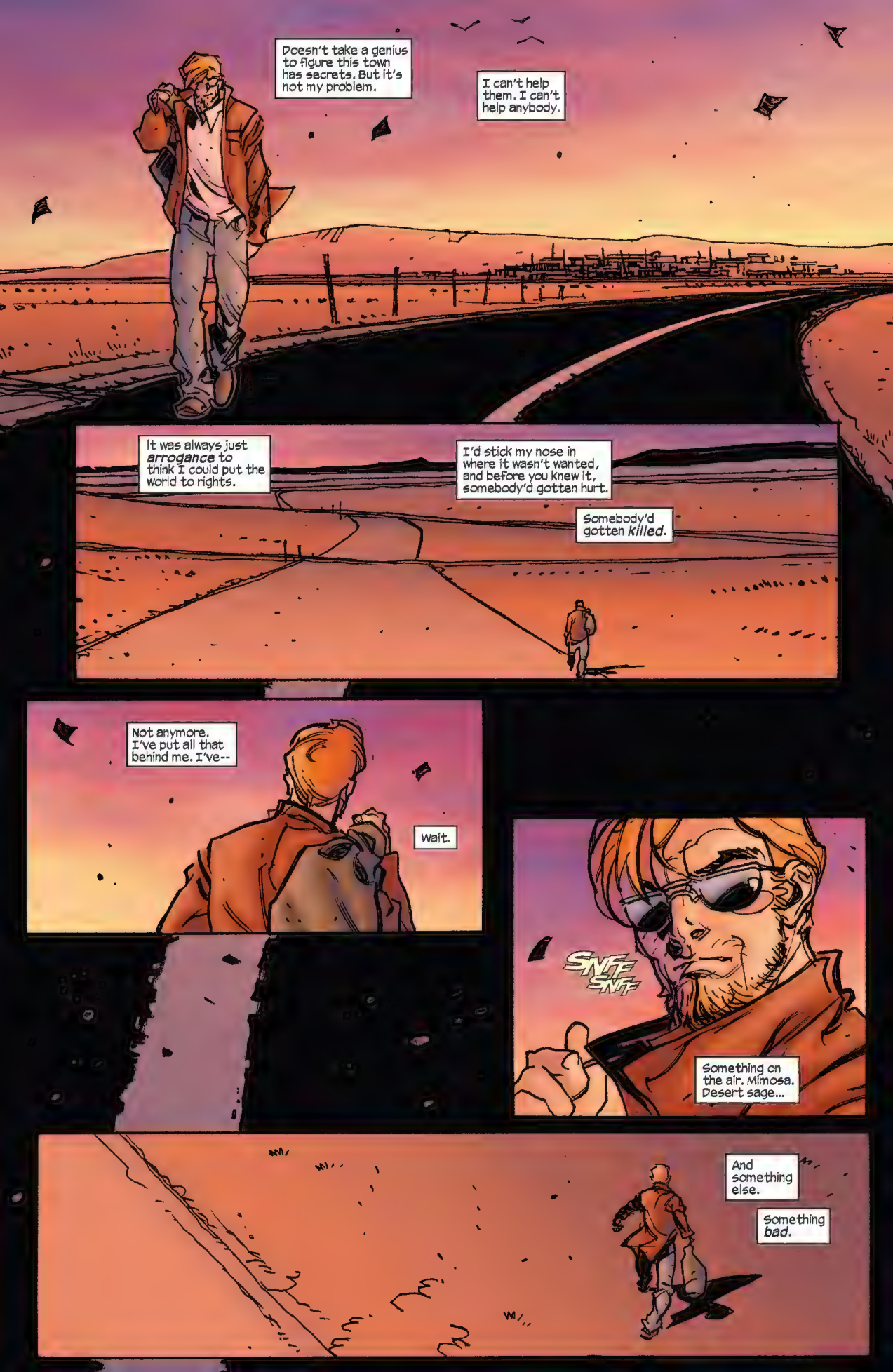

Sour tang of booze and adrenaline sweat. They're spoiling for a fight.
Smell of gun oil and nitrocellulose on the alpha dog.
PLEASE. I'M NOT LOOKING FOR ANY TROUBLE.
FUNNY HOW IT HAS A WAY OF FINDIN' YOU ANYWAY, THOUGH, HUH?
YOU GOT NO BUSINESS TALKIN' TO THAT BOY, Y'HEAR? YOU GOT NO BUSINESS IN THIS TOWN ANYWAYS. SO START WALKIN'.
I could take all four of them out before they even knew they'd started a fight.
ALL RIGHT, LET'S NOT DO ANYTHING FOOLISH...
YOU CALLIN' ME A *FOOL*, CITY BOY?
I could *kill* them.
LISTEN. I DON'T INTIMIDATE EASY.
SO IF YOU WANT TO HIT ME, WHY DON'T YOU JUST GET ON WITH IT AND STOP WASTING MY TIME?
WHAKK

WHAT'S THE MATTER, CITY BOY? DON'T GOT NO *FIGHT* IN YA?
ARE YOU...
ARE YOU *DONE* NOW...?
NOT BY A LONG SIGHT.
WHUD
OOF--!

BLAM
AWRIGHT, BREAK IT UP!
JUST A MUTUAL MISUNNERSTANDIN', SHERIFF.
LOOKS MORE LIKE A ONE-SIDED MISUNNERSTANDIN' TO ME, PIKE.
I IMAGINE YOU BOYS MUST HAVE WORK TO DO. SO GO ON, GET TO IT.
BETTER PRAY I DON'T SEE YOU AGAIN, CITY BOY.
YOU AWRIGHT, SON?
AREN'T YOU...GOING TO...ARREST HIM...?
HIS WORD AGAINST YOURS, WHO STARTED IT. 'LESS YOU BOTH WANNA SPEND THE NIGHT IN LOCK-UP?
HE'S CARRYING...A CONCEALED FIREARM...
YOU NEED A LICENSE...TO CARRY CONCEALED... IN THE STATE OF NEW MEXICO.

WELL NOW, AIN'T YOU JUST THE LEGAL EAGLE.
LET'S SEE SOME I.D.
I'M NOT CARRYING ANY I.D.
DRIVER'S LICENSE?
I DON'T DRIVE.
PLEASE. I JUST NEED A PLACE TO STAY FOR THE NIGHT.
RECKON I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU WITH THAT.
GET IN.
POLICE
HEY, MISTER...?
...PLEASE DON'T GO.

YOU CAN SLEEP HERE.
ON A BENCH...?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE TAKING ME TO A MOTEL, OR A BOARDING HOUSE...
POLICE
YOU DON'T LIKE IT, THERE'S ALWAYS THE COUNTY JAIL.
YOU'D ARREST ME? FOR WHAT...?
KLIK
VAGRANCY.
DON'T TEST ME, SON.
DID YOU JUST TAKE MY PHOTO...?
FIRST BUS LEAVES TOWN SEVEN IN THE A.M.
I EXPECT YOU TO BE ON IT.


Doesn't take a genius to figure this town has secrets. But it's not my problem.
I can't help them. I can't help anybody.
It was always just *arrogance* to think I could put the world to rights.
I'd stick my nose in where it wasn't wanted, and before you knew it, somebody'd gotten hurt.
Somebody'd gotten *killed*.
Not anymore. I've put all that behind me. I've--
Wait.
SNIFF SNIFF
Something on the air. Mimosa. Desert sage...
And something else.
Something *bad*.

POLICE
POLICE
PEABODY, YOU GET AN I.D. ON THAT PHOTO I SENT YOU?
DID I EVER, SHERIFF COLE. HE'S ALL OVER THE FEDERAL SYSTEM LIKE A *RASH*...
MATTHEW MURDOCK. NEW YORK DEFENSE LAWYER. PRO BONO, MOSTLY...
DO-GOODER.
REGISTERED BLIND...
THE HELL HE IS.
AN' HERE'S THE KICKER. HANG ONTA YER HAT, SHERIFF...
HE'S A *SUPER HERO.*

SON OF A--
'LEAST THE *FEDS* THINK HE IS. NEVER *PROVED* NOTHIN', BUT YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WITH THEM SECRET IDENTITY TYPES.
KNEW I SHOULDA PUT HIM IN THE CAGE.
LAST THING WE NEED'S SOME LONG-JOHNS-WEARIN' PECKERWOOD SNOOPIN' AROUND, NOW OF ALL TIMES...
YOU WANT US TO GO PICK HIM UP?
PICK HIM UP...
...AN' PUT HIM DOWN.

SNIFF
SNIFF

WWWWEEEEEEOOO
WWWWEEEEO
POLICE! OVER HERE! STOP--!

POLICE
POLICE

SKREEEE...
FREEZE, MURDOCK!
THERE HE IS...
YOU EVEN TWITCH, I PUT YOU DOWN LIKE A DOG.
SHOOT. JUST HIS KIT BAG.
DID WE HIT HIM? I DON'T SEE NO BODY.
COULD BE HE RAN FOR IT...
WELL LET'S GO GET HIM, THEN.
CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR. BLIND MAN IN THE DARK...

I DON'T THINK HE'S GONNA GIVE US ANY TROUBLE.
TO BE CONTINUED!

REBORN

Attorney Matt Murdock was blinded as a child, but his other four senses function with superhuman sharpness and form a radar sense. With amazing fighting skills, he stalks the streets at night, in relentless pursuit of justice as Daredevil, the Man Without Fear!

Over the past year, the Devil of Hell's Kitchen fought in vain to gain control of the assassination cult known as The Hand and their violent assault on his neighborhood. With the power of thousands of nameless mystical-powered ninja warriors at his fingertips, Matt fell violently through the crucible of Shadowland, a dark, shadowy castle built over the burnt-out remains of one of his greatest failures. Serving as judge and jury, Matt was eventually seduced by the power of an ancient evil known as the Beast of the Hand.

Possessed by devils inside and out, he brutally battled his friends and loved ones until finally freeing himself from the Beast's malevolent control...while never truly knowing where the man he thought he was ended and the Beast began.

Now, Matt has left New York City on a redemptive road to devil knows where, hunting to rediscover the man inside that used to conquer evil, not succumb to it.

This is where we find him as Andy Diggle, Davide Gianfelice and Matt Hollingsworth (along with cover artist extraordinaire, Jock) bring you what may be the final chapter in the story of a man who turned a life that began by losing everything... into a life where winning may no longer be an option.

Attorney Matt Murdock was blinded as a child...but he can still see the man he used to be.

The question is...can Matt find him?

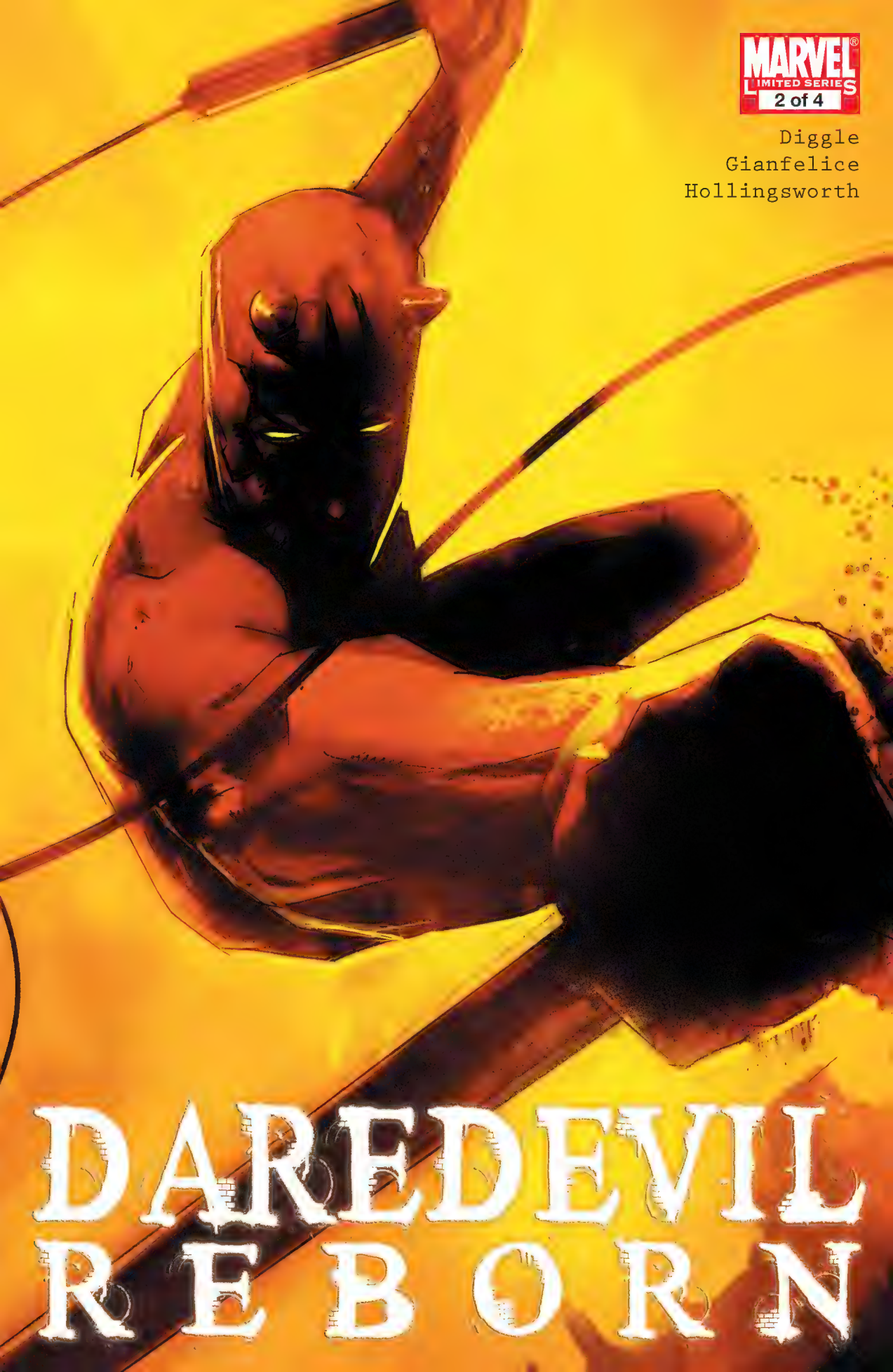
Stephen Wacker
12/9/10

PS: Let us know what you thought about this first issue at mheroes@marvel.com

NEXT!

© 2013 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.
WWW.MARVEL.COM

TO FIND MARVEL COMICS AT A LOCAL COMIC AND HOBBY SHOP, GO TO WWW/COMICSHOPLOCATOR.COM OR CALL 1-888-COMICBOOK


MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
2 of 4
Diggle
Gianfelice
Hollingsworth
DAREDEVIL
REBORN

DAREDEVIL REBORN

Attorney Matt Murdock is blind, but his other senses function with superhuman sharpness and form a radar sense. For years Matt stalked the streets of New York at night in relentless pursuit of justice as Daredevil…the Man Without Fear.

But as Daredevil, Matt made the greatest mistake of his life…and with death on his conscience, he turned his back on costumed heroics. Now Matt's left the city, looking for escape. Fleeing from himself.

Walking into a small town in New Mexico, Matt befriends a blind boy, and discovers that the sheriff's department is up to no good. Eager to avoid a confrontation where he might hurt someone – or kill again – Matt tries to pass through town without getting involved. But when the crooked lawmen discover who Matt is, they set out to find him and put him down…

ANDY DIGGLE – WRITER **DAVIDE GIANFELICE** – ARTIST
MATT HOLLINGSWORTH – COLORS **VC's JOE CARAMAGNA** – LETTERS **JOCK** – COVER ART
ALEJANDRO ARBONA – ASSOCIATE EDITOR **STEPHEN WACKER** – SENIOR EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO – EDITOR IN CHIEF **JOE QUESADA** – CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
DAN BUCKLEY – PUBLISHER **ALAN FINE** – EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

© 2013 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.
WWW.MARVEL.COM

To find MARVEL COMICS at a local comic and hobby shop, go to www.comicshoplocator.com or call 1-888-COMICBOOK.

I don't do this anymore.
I tried not to get involved.
I turned the other cheek, walked away...
And they tried to kill me anyway.

Now I want to know why.
GOT HIM--!
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
BDAM
WHERE'D HE GO, THE SNEAKY SUMBITCH...?

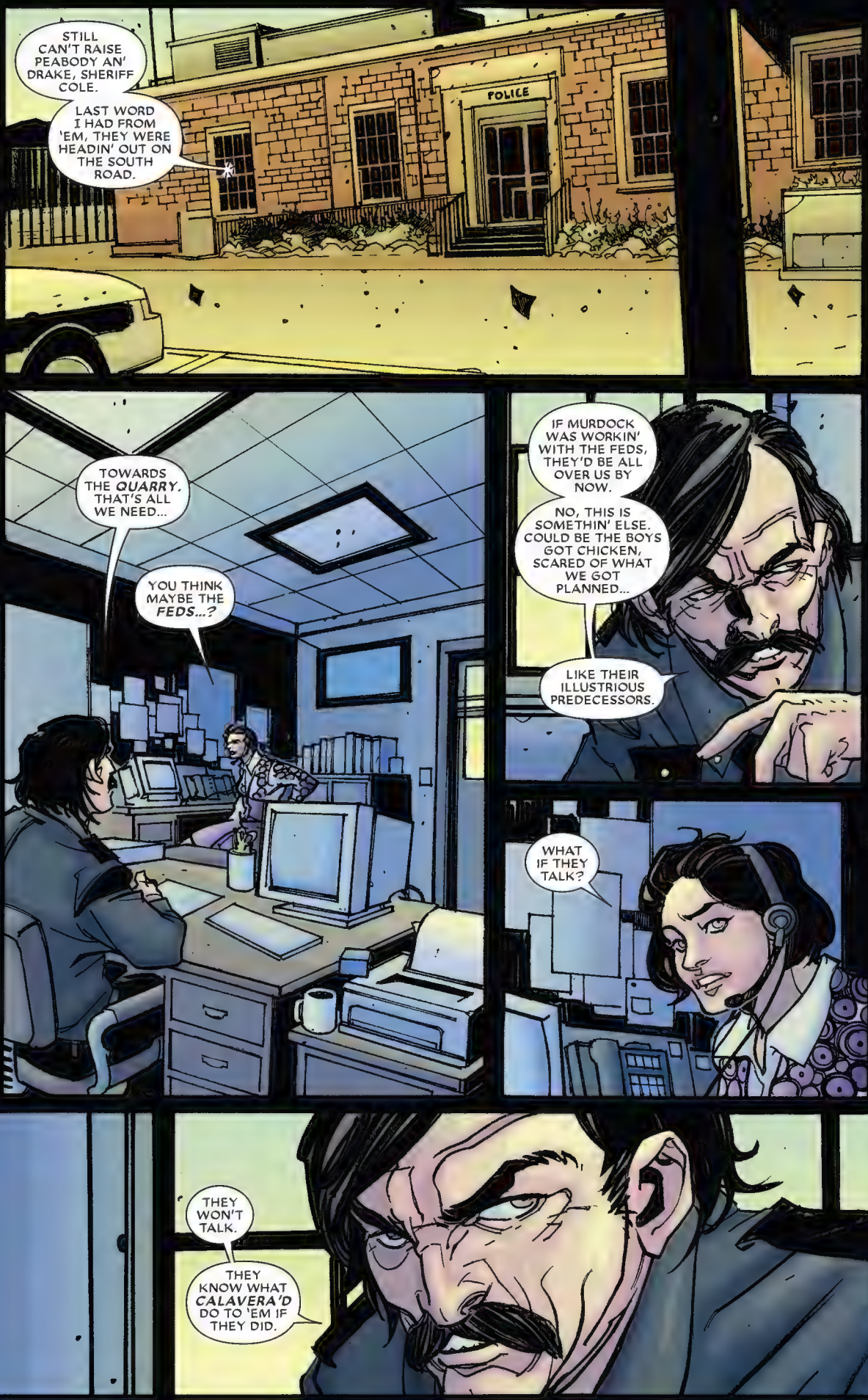
RIGHT HERE.
AAGH!
KaK
SMASH

UNHH...
SAYS ON THE WINCH, THIS CABLE HAS A BREAKING-STRAIN OF FIVE TONS.
PINNGG
EVEN WITH THE THREE OF US, THIS CAR WEIGHS A LOT LESS THAN THAT.
PANNGG
UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, I JUST *HACKED THROUGH* MOST OF THE CABLE.
THOSE LITTLE *PINGING* SOUNDS YOU HEAR...?
SPANNGG

THAT'S WHAT'S LEFT OF THE CABLE SNAPPING, ONE STRAND AT A TIME.
KYAAAAAH!!

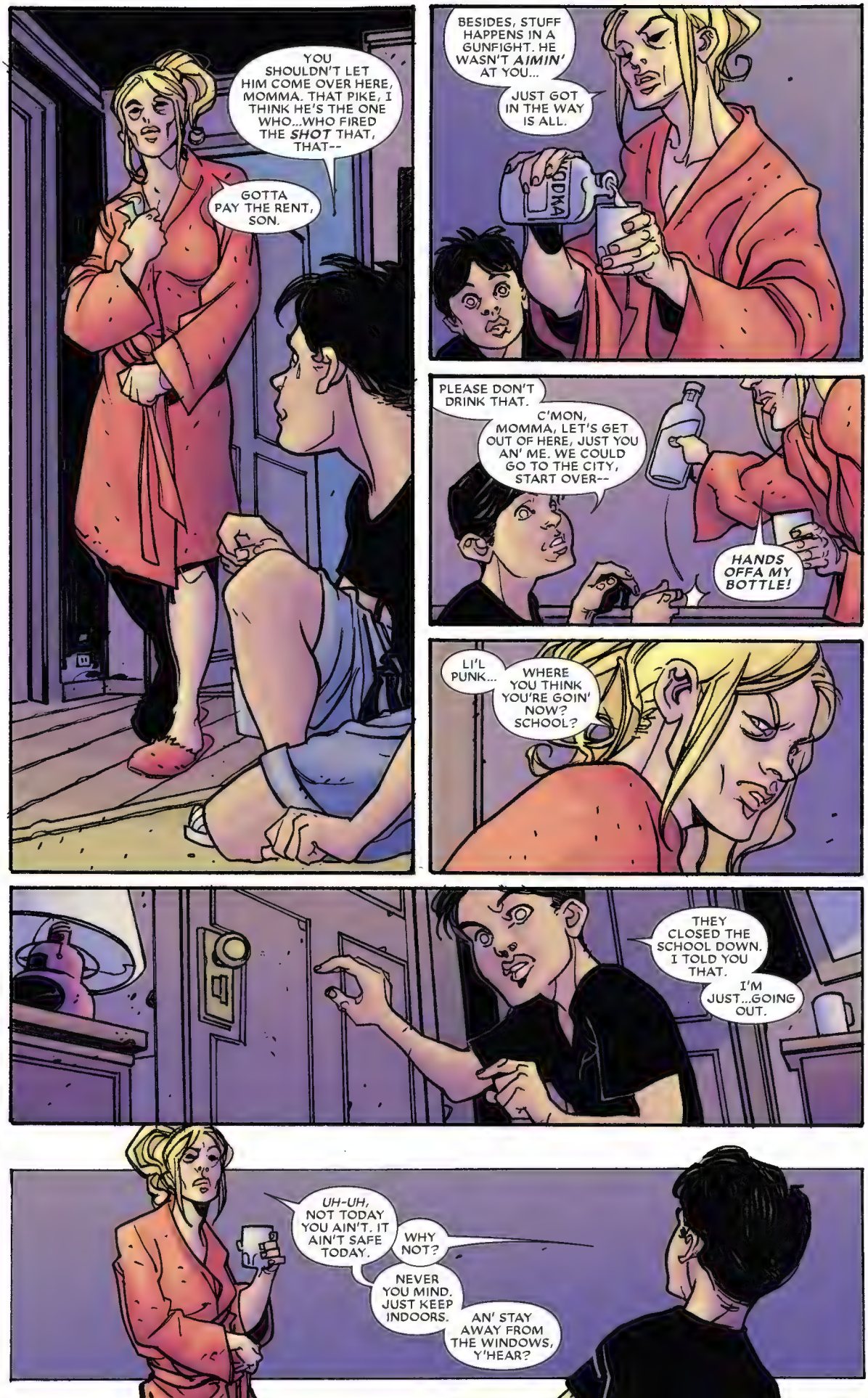
YOU-- YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND--!
WHAT DO YOU *WANT?*
I WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU TRIED TO *KILL* ME.
WE--WE'RE POLICE OFFICERS, WE DIDN'T TRY TO KILL NOBODY! YOU ATTACKED *US--!*
THEN WHAT ABOUT THOSE *BODIES* I FOUND BURIED IN THE QUARRY...?
THEY WERE WEARING POLICE UNIFORMS.
LISTEN. YOU'RE ALREADY IN A WORLD OF TROUBLE, *MURDOCK.*
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT--WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE. SO YOU BEST LET US GO BEFORE SOMETHIN' HAPPENS HERE YOU DON'T GET TO WALK AWAY FROM.
BELIEVE IT.

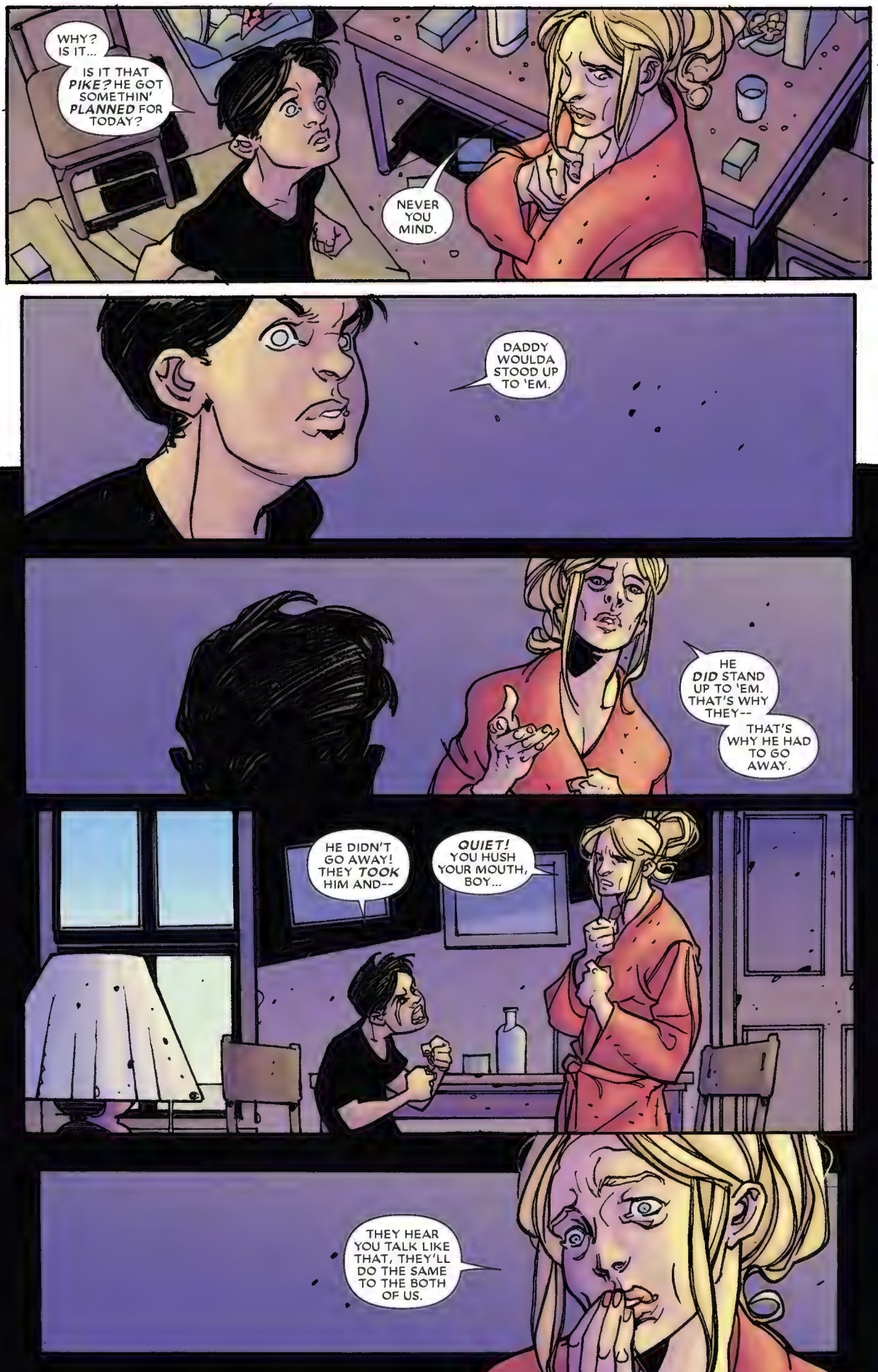
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'RE IN A POSITION TO THREATEN ME?
THINK ABOUT IT. WE KNOW YOU'RE ALREADY WANTED BY THE *FEDS*...
YOU REALLY WANT A COUPLE *DEAD COPS* ON YOUR CONSCIENCE?
NO, I DON'T.
NO...
UH...
NOW WHAT?


STILL CAN'T RAISE PEABODY AN' DRAKE, SHERIFF COLE.
LAST WORD I HAD FROM 'EM, THEY WERE HEADIN' OUT ON THE SOUTH ROAD.
POLICE
TOWARDS THE *QUARRY*. THAT'S ALL WE NEED...
YOU THINK MAYBE THE *FEDS*...?
IF MURDOCK WAS WORKIN' WITH THE FEDS, THEY'D BE ALL OVER US BY NOW.
NO, THIS IS SOMETHIN' ELSE. COULD BE THE BOYS GOT CHICKEN, SCARED OF WHAT WE GOT PLANNED...
LIKE THEIR ILLUSTRIOUS PREDECESSORS.
WHAT IF THEY TALK?
THEY WON'T TALK.
THEY KNOW WHAT *CALAVERA'D* DO TO 'EM IF THEY DID.

BDEEEP
BDEEEP
KLIK
SHERIFF'S OFFICE. HOW MAY I--
OH!
WHAT IS IT...?
SHERIFF COLE, IT--
IT'S HIM!
I HAVE YOUR MEN.
IS THAT RIGHT.
SEEMS TO ME YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR JUST THE KIND OF TROUBLE I ADVISED YOU TO AVOID, MURDOCK.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
NOTHING.
TO BE LEFT ALONE.
YOU'LL FIND THEM AT THE OLD QUARRY.
I DON'T DO THIS ANYMORE. IT'S NOT MY PROBLEM.
YOU'RE NOT MY PROBLEM.
KLIK

NOW IT'S TIME FOR HAPPY HUGS!
HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY HUGS! HAPPY HUGS! HAPPY HUGS!
JEEZ, BOY, TURN IT DOWN WILLYA...?
YOU WANNA MAKE YOURSELF DEAF AS WELL AS BLIND?
KLIK
I COULD HEAR YOU TWO IN THERE.
THAT'S YOUR MOMMA YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT.
LI'L PERVERT.
SLAM


YOU SHOULDN'T LET HIM COME OVER HERE, MOMMA. THAT PIKE, I THINK HE'S THE ONE WHO...WHO FIRED THE SHOT THAT, THAT--
GOTTA PAY THE RENT, SON.
BESIDES, STUFF HAPPENS IN A GUNFIGHT. HE WASN'T AIMIN' AT YOU...
JUST GOT IN THE WAY IS ALL.
VODKA
PLEASE DON'T DRINK THAT.
C'MON, MOMMA, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, JUST YOU AN' ME. WE COULD GO TO THE CITY, START OVER--
HANDS OFFA MY BOTTLE!
LI'L PUNK...
WHERE YOU THINK YOU'RE GOIN' NOW? SCHOOL?
THEY CLOSED THE SCHOOL DOWN. I TOLD YOU THAT.
I'M JUST...GOING OUT.
UH-UH, NOT TODAY YOU AIN'T. IT AIN'T SAFE TODAY.
WHY NOT?
NEVER YOU MIND. JUST KEEP INDOORS.
AN' STAY AWAY FROM THE WINDOWS, Y'HEAR?


WHY? IS IT...
IS IT THAT *PIKE?* HE GOT SOMETHIN' *PLANNED* FOR TODAY?
NEVER YOU MIND.
DADDY WOULDA STOOD UP TO 'EM.
HE *DID* STAND UP TO 'EM. THAT'S WHY THEY--
THAT'S WHY HE HAD TO GO AWAY.
HE DIDN'T GO AWAY! THEY *TOOK* HIM AND--
QUIET! YOU HUSH YOUR MOUTH, BOY...
THEY HEAR YOU TALK LIKE THAT, THEY'LL DO THE SAME TO THE BOTH OF US.

SHRAKK
OF ALL THE DAMN FOOL--
WHAT THE HELL *HAPPENED* HERE?
IT WAS THAT *MURDOCK*, SHERIFF!
HE GOT THE DROP ON US!

THE TWO OF YA LET YOURSELVES GET TAKEN DOWN BY A BLIND MAN?
HE AIN'T NORMAL, SHERIFF COLE!
YOU DIDN'T TELL HIM NOTHIN'?
HELL NO. WE DON'T GOT NO DEATH WISH.
I SAYS HE DON'T WANT DEAD COPS ON HIS CONSCIENCE AN' HE GETS THIS WEIRD LOOK ON HIS FACE.
NEXT THING YOU KNOW HE SETS US DOWN, CUFFS US TO THE RADIATOR AN' TAKES OFF.
YOU SURE HE'S HELL AN' GONE?
HEADED OUT RIGHT AFTER HE CALLED YOU. MAYBE HE USED TO BE SOME KINDA HERO-TYPE BUT, WELL, FOR WHATEVER REASON...
I GUESS IT JUST AIN'T IN HIM NO MORE.
SUITS ME. YOU SEE HIM AGAIN, SHOOT THE SON OF A BITCH.
MEANWHILE WE GOT BIGGER FISH TO FRY.

WE AIN'T GOT MUCH TIME HERE. TRUCK'S ALREADY ON ITS WAY. WE AIN'T THERE TA MEET IT, CALAVERA'S GONNA HAVE OUR--
WAIT A SECOND. WHERE'S YOUR SQUAD CAR...?
IN THE LAKE, MAYBE...?
UNBELIEVABLE.
AWRIGHT, YOU TWO FOOLS GIMME A HAND MOVIN' THESE BODIES.
AN' WHILE WE'RE AT IT...
...LET'S GO OVER THE PLAN.

WATCH OUT! UP AHEAD...
I SEE IT. WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?
IT AIN'T *THEM,* IS IT...?
I DON'T GET IT. CAR'S EMPTY.
WHERE THE HELL *ARE* THEY...?

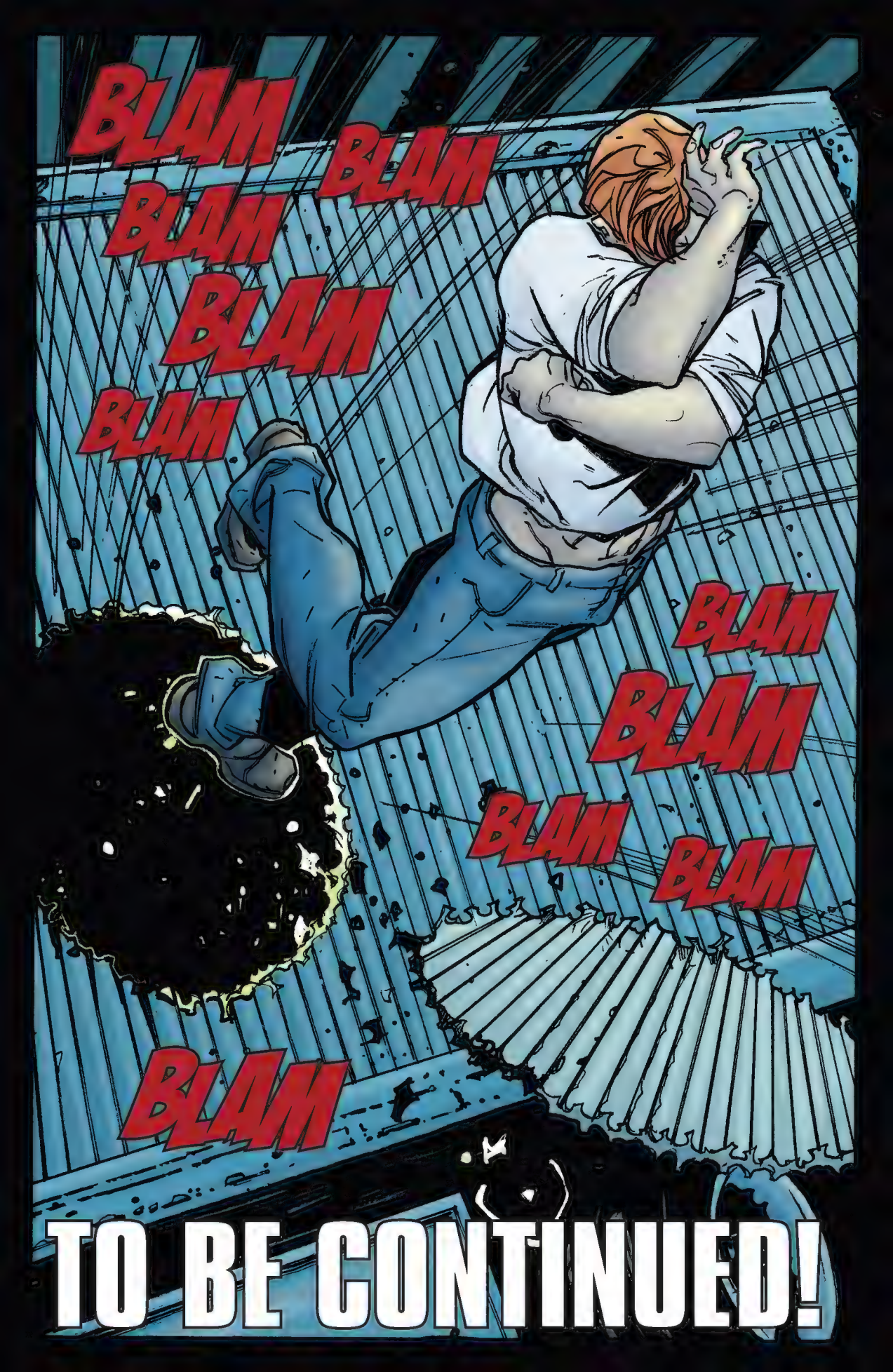
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.
EASY. I'M HERE TO *HELP* YOU.
THE COPS IN THE TOWN UP AHEAD--THEY'RE PLANNING TO *HIJACK* YOUR TRUCK, STEAL YOUR SHIPMENT. I HEARD THE WHOLE THING.
WHAT ARE YOU CARRYING THAT'S SO VALUABLE?
IT'LL MAKE MORE SENSE IF YOU SEE FOR YOURSELF. CHECK IT OUT...
GUNS. LOTS OF 'EM.
D.E.A., A.T.F., LOCAL LAW ENFORCEMENT--THEY ALL SEIZE 'EM FROM GANG-BANGERS, DRUG DEALERS AN' WHATNOT...
TO KEEP 'EM OFF THE STREETS, WE TAKE 'EM TO BE *DECOMMISSIONED*. MELTED DOWN FOR SCRAP.

WHOKK
'LEAST, THAT'S WHAT THE *PAPERWORK'LL* SAY.
RECKON WE SHOULD KILL HIM?
AND WHAT, LEAVE HIM HERE? IT'LL JUST DRAW ATTENTION IF SOMEONE FINDS HIM WITH THE SQUAD CAR.
COLE'S PLAN, COLE'S PROBLEM. LET HIM FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH THIS GUY.
HELL, MAYBE HE'LL GIVE HIM TO *CALAVERA*.
THEN HE'LL SOON BE WISHIN' WE *HAD* KILLED HIM...

NICE WORK, LANE.
HOW'S IT GOIN', BRO?
S'ALL GOOD.
YOUR MAN COLE IN THE HOUSE?
RIGHT HERE, AN' MIGHTY OBLIGED. BUT I'M AFRAID THERE'S BEEN A CHANGE OF PLAN. WE WON'T BE NEEDIN' YOU BOYS NO MORE.
ON YOUR KNEES.

W-WHAT--?!
THIS-- THIS AIN'T WHAT WE AGREED!
C-CALAVERA AIN'T GONNA BE TOO PLEASED ABOUT THIS--!
CALAVERA JUST WANTS THE GUNS. JUST LIKE WE WANT HIS HEROIN. TIT FER TAT, CLEAN AN' SIMPLE.
WHAT WE DON'T NEED IS BENT DRIVERS GETTIN' LEANED ON, SPILLIN' THEIR GUTS TO THE FEDS.
W-WAIT! YOU-- YOU CAN'T KILL US! S-SOMEONE'S ONTO YOU!
TH-THEY SENT A GUY TO MEET US OUT IN THE BADLANDS! I-- I CUFFED HIM AN' LOCKED HIM IN THE TRUCK!
MAYBE HE AIN'T LYIN', BOSS. I CAN HEAR SOMETHIN' MOVIN' AROUND IN THERE...
YOU LOCKED HIM...
...IN A TRUCK...
...FULL OF GUNS?!
CHK-CHAK
UH-OH.

YAAAAH!
BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA
BRAKKA
GET TA COVER, DAMMIT--!
BRAKKA BRAKKA
BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA
MOMENT MURDOCK STICKS HIS HEAD OUT?
SHOOT IT!


BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
TO BE CONTINUED!

DAREDEVIL REBORN

ALEJANDRO ARBONA ASSOCIATE EDITOR
STEPHEN WACKER SENIOR EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO EDITOR IN CHIEF
JOE QUESADA CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE EXEC. PRODUCER

As I write this in mid-January, our first issue has just gone on-sale and the response has been overwhelming. So let's get right down to your letters.

Stephen,

As a collector and enthusiast of comics for the last 17 years, I profess that of the thousands of comics I have amassed, one would find maybe 4 books dedicated to Daredevil. He simply is a character that I have found little interest in. Until now!

Admittedly it was the cover work by Jock that grabbed my attention while perusing an issue of Previews, and my like for the stories told by Andy.

Upon reading the first issue of *Daredevil: Reborn,* I must say that I am stoked for the remaining 3!

The human aspects of Matt Murdock within this first issue captured my need to want the next issue immediately, and stirred an interest in this character that was never there. You could sense the snarkiness in his reply when speaking to the restaurant server. His support and understanding for the blind boy was very clear, and although he recognized what he could do to the group that attacked him, he took a beating, then stood tall. What sold me on this book though was his inner strength to refrain from becoming "super." Even with the authorities he withheld who he was. Very commendable for a character in a comic book story.

This book contains everything I look for as a collector. Great writing, fantastic design and illustrations, both for the cover and interiors, flow, and most importantly, an understanding of what's happening in the book.

My hat is off to the entire team of creators and collaborators on this story. It appears you've meshed well and are providing the work as proof.

I look forward to the issues ahead.

Bill McIntosh
Via e-mail

Dear Andy and Davide,

That was an awesome story. I have always loved the character of Daredevil and now with his whole Shadowland downfall, Matt is looking to escape from who he is, but he can't.

I have always loved seeing a super hero at their lowest, because you can watch them figure out what is important, who they truly are, and what they can become as they reach back to the top.

I wish I had all four issues, so I can read right through to see how he deals with these rednecks out in the middle of nowhere.

Mike Brown
Fairfield, CA

Mike, as of this morning, I actually have all 4 issues in front of me and believe you me, Andy and Davide don't let up for a second. We may have some depressed Daredevil fans by the end of all this, but they'll be "happy-depressed" (if ya know what I mean).

And let me say that as a former "redneck" myself (with the long-range mullet to prove it), I know you meant the term in the most loving way possible.

Dear Marvel,

Daredevil: Reborn is the best DD mag I have read in several years! It went back to simplicity instead of trying to make a comic a complicated emotional soap opera.

I live several miles away from the nearest book store and would like to be able to purchase the next issues through the mail. Is there a way for me to do this? Thank you for your help.

Danny Shumway
Via e-mail

Thanks, Danny. While Marvel doesn't sell subscriptions to mini-series through the mail, there are several hundred online retailers who should be able to get you what you need. Just do a search and you'll hit some of the bigger, reputable names.

[P.S. Please name your son Gordon. Haw! I kill me! –Assoc. Ed. Alejandro "Alf" Arbona]

Guys,

Loved issue #1, a very refreshing new beginning for Daredevil. Keep up the great work and please keep DD around for many years to come!!

Shane Klinkhammer
Daredevil fan since 1982

Shane, 1982 was the year I started reading Daredevil as well. That was the height of Frank Miller's work on the book and some of the images are still etched onto my brain. Nice to know I'm in such good company.

(In case you're wondering, 102-year old Andy Diggle has been reading the character since the ORIGINAL Daredevil series began in 1910 as 6-page "comic situation inserts" in specially marked packages of Fog and Dock's Tobacco Flavored Gum.)

Dear Marvel,

I just read *DAREDEVIL: REBORN #1* and I have to say I loved it. I've never read Daredevil before *SHADOWLAND,* so nice work on getting a new reader.

This story was beautifully written and expertly drawn by Gianfelice. Can't wait to see it unfold and to find out where Murdock goes after the end of this series…because wherever it is I will be reading it.

Isaiah
Via e-mail

Great to have you, Isaiah. It seems SHADOWLAND was an entry point for a lot of new readers and we're happy to have you.

In case you're interested, a collection of the SHADOWLAND series went on-sale from Marvel on February 9th. It makes a great late Valentine's Day gift (especially if the relationship is about to end!)

Thanks again for writing, everyone, and let us know what you thought about this issue as well.

-Stephen Wacker
1/17/11

ALSO ON SALE:

Catch up on the deadly happenings in Hell's Kitchen:

BLACK PANTHER: THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR #515

NEXT:

MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
3 of 4
DAREDEVIL
REBORN
Diggle
Gianfelice
Hollingsworth

DAREDEVIL REBORN

Attorney Matt Murdock is blind, but his other senses function with superhuman sharpness and form a radar sense. For years Matt stalked the streets of New York at night in relentless pursuit of justice as Daredevil…the Man Without Fear.

But as Daredevil, Matt made the greatest mistake of his life…and with death on his conscience, he turned his back on costumed heroics. Now Matt's left the city, looking for escape. Fleeing from himself.

Walking into a small town in New Mexico, Matt befriends a blind boy, and discovers that the sheriff's department is up to no good. Eager to avoid a confrontation where he might hurt someone – or kill again – Matt tries to pass through town without getting involved. But when he discovers the crooked lawmen are in business with gun-runners, and innocent people are bound to be hurt, he intervenes.

Now Matt finds himself in a locked warehouse, hiding in a truck full of weapons, with nearly a dozen men opening fire on him!

ANDY DIGGLE – WRITER **DAVIDE GIANFELICE** – ARTIST
MATT HOLLINGSWORTH – COLORS **VC's JOE CARAMAGNA** – LETTERS **JOCK** – COVER ART
ALEJANDRO ARBONA – ASSOCIATE EDITOR **STEPHEN WACKER** – SENIOR EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO – EDITOR IN CHIEF **JOE QUESADA** – CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
DAN BUCKLEY – PUBLISHER **ALAN FINE** – EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

Nine of them.
One of me.
Crazy.
Stupid.
Reckless.
PTANNGG
PEEOWW
SPANNGG
PTANNGG
BLAM BLAM
PUT HIM DOWN!
HE'S MINE--!
FAP

Don't think.
WHANNGG
UNNGHH!
Just move.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
QUIT FIRIN' WILD AN' WAIT FOR A TARGET!
HE'S BEHIND THE FORKLIFT THERE! FLANK HIM!

And then, as suddenly as it began, the gunfire stops.
The silence is almost worse.
MURDOCK, YOU STILL THERE...?
I'M HERE.
THAT WAS PRETTY SLICK FER A FELLA S'POSED TO BE IN CUFFS...
I PICKED THEM.
THAT RIGHT? WITH WHAT...?
WITH THIS.
TINK
IS THIS A...
...A GRENADE PIN...?
WAIT A SECOND, WHERE--
WHERE'S THE GRENADE?

M18 SMOKE
SCATTER!
M 18 SMOKE
FFFOOOSSSHHHH
JUST A SMOKER!
MOVE IN AN' SHOOT THAT SON OF A BITCH!
WHERE? I CAN'T SEE A THING--!

They're blind. Firing wild.
Even so...
Too many guns.
Have to see what I can do about that.
WHOKK
WHUD
KRAKK
UNGH!

DRAKE! PEABODY! ANYBODY SEE HIM...?
THERE!
BLAM
SH-- SHERIFF...?
DAMN.

Getting out of hand.
Odds are in my favor, but only until the smoke clears...
Which will be any second now.
Never was much for driving.
Radar sense just throws the inside of the windshield right back at me.
SKKASSHH
THE TRUCK! HE'S IN THE TRUCK--!
AAAHH--!
BLAM BLAM BLAM

SHHRRRRANNNGGGGG
AFTER HIM, YOU MORONS! GET THE CAR--!
No good. Can't outrun a squad car in this thing...
But I can't let them put a whole truckload of stolen guns on the street, either.
If I can just make it to the--
BOOM!
AAH!

DAMMIT, DRAKE! HOLD HER STEADY--!
BLAM
POOM
Two cars.
One alongside. One behind.
Gotta time this just right--

WHUNCHH
SSSKKKRRRRRRRRRRR
AW, CR--
KKRRANNNGGG
POLICE

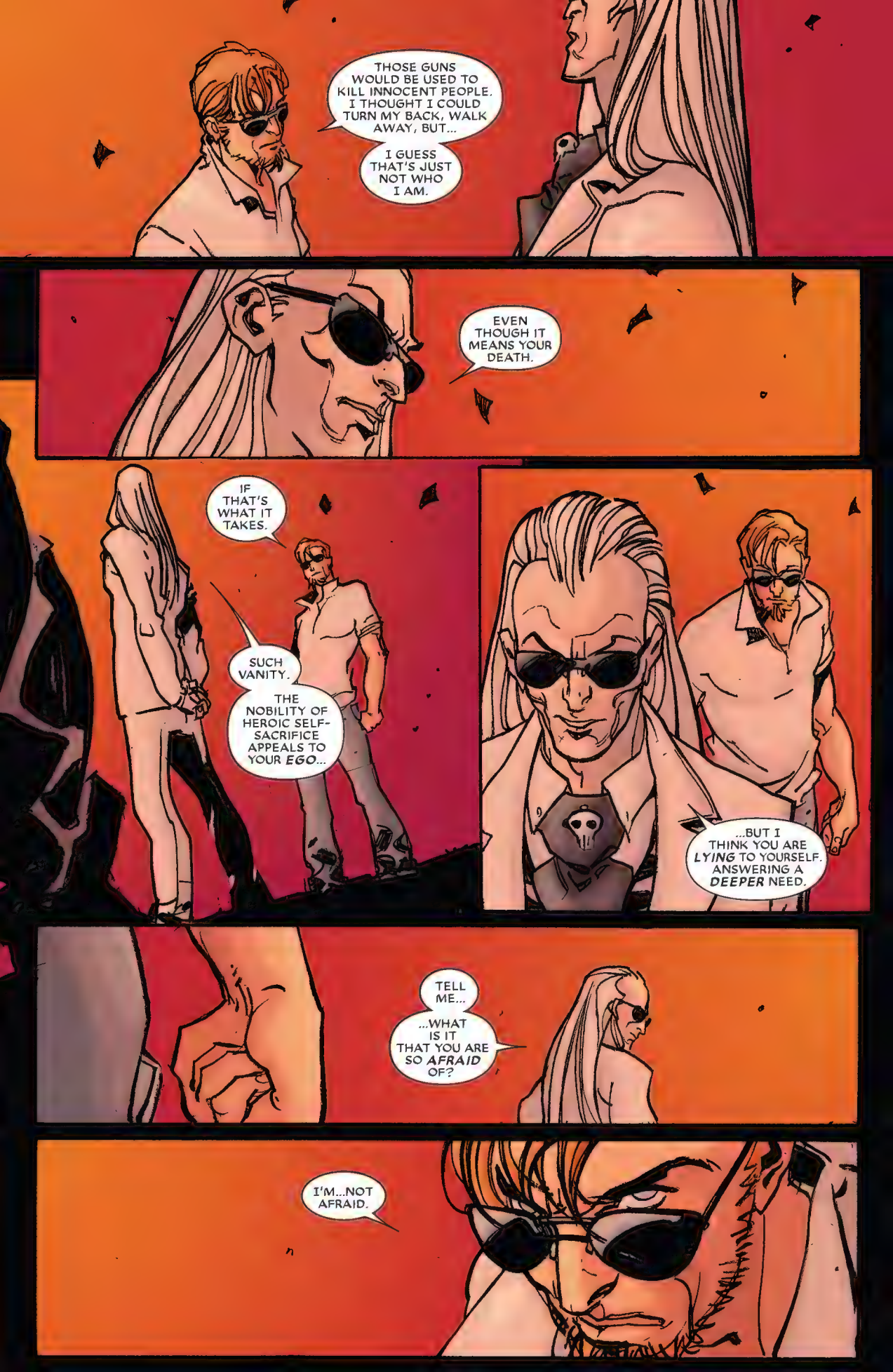
CALAVERA IS GONNA KILL US. I MEAN LITERALLY KILL US.
LET ME WORRY ABOUT CALAVERA. WE JUST NEED TO GET OUR STORY STRAIGHT.
AW, MAN, YOU CAN'T LIE TO CALAVERA--!
WE'RE DEAD MEAT. WE'RE DEAD--
SHUT THE HELL UP.
YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT HIM, MAN...
HE CAN STRIP YOUR SOUL BARE--
KRAK
I SAID SHUT UP!
LOOK ME IN THE EYE AN' TELL ME I'M WRONG, COLE.

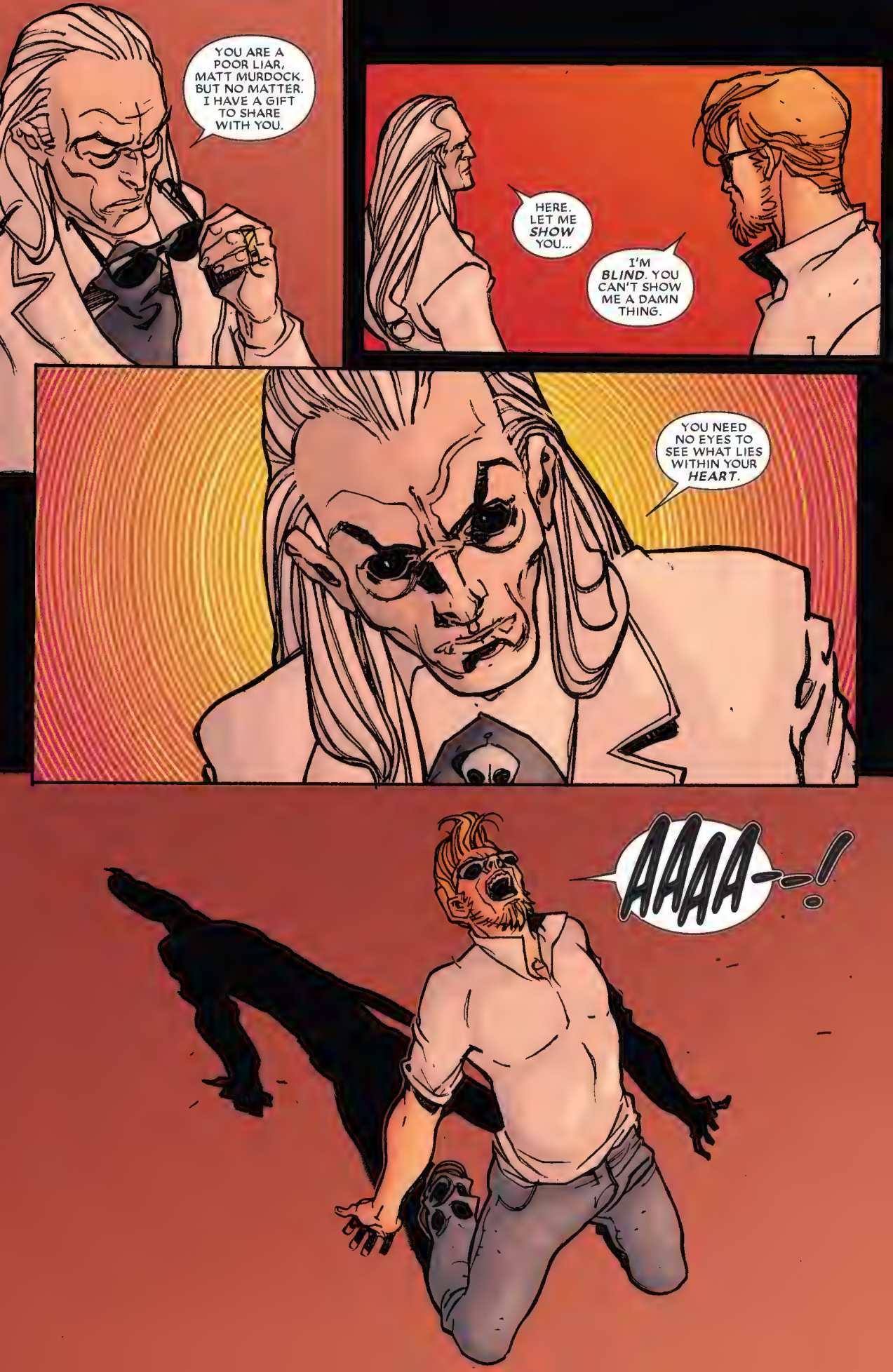
BACK IN TOWN.
MOM?
MOM, ARE YOU...?
STURLUS VODKA
CLUG CLUG

They're coming.
I don't have much time...
...but it only takes a moment.
VRRRMMMM
SPLADOOSHH

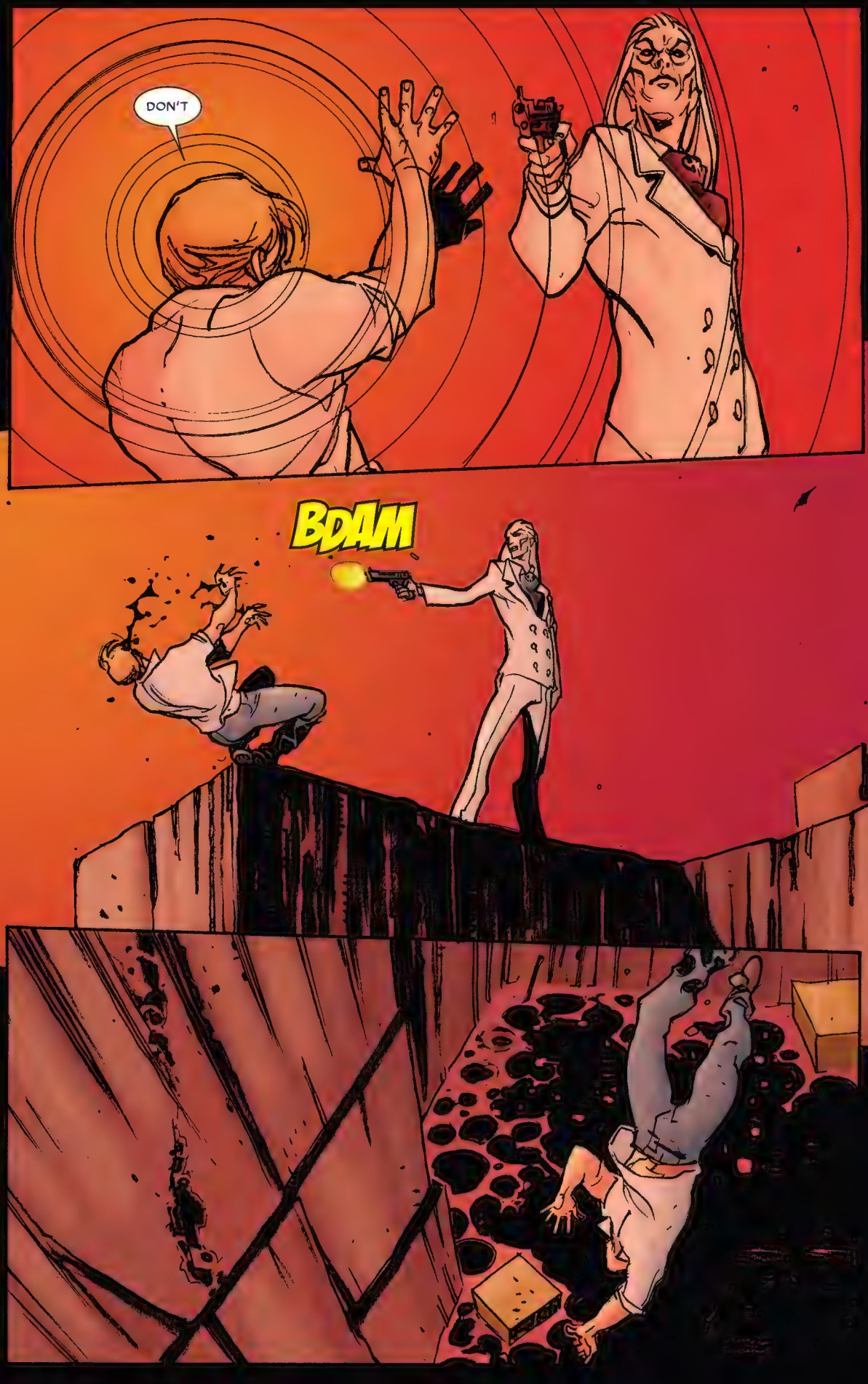
MATT MURDOCK, I PRESUME...?
THEY CALL ME CALAVERA.

I WILL ASK YOU THIS ONLY ONCE.
WHERE ARE MY WEAPONS?
IN THE LAKE.
I SEE. THIS IS UNFORTUNATE.
I HAD AN ARRANGEMENT WITH SHERIFF COLE HERE, YOU SEE. HE PROVIDES ME WITH *AMERICAN GUNS*, I PROVIDE HIM WITH *MEXICAN HEROIN*.
NOW, THANKS TO YOU, HE CANNOT UPHOLD HIS SIDE OF THE BARGAIN.
I *GOT* YOUR DAMN GUNS! THIS SON OF A BITCH *STOLE* 'EM RIGHT OUT FROM UNDER US--!
MANITO. IF THE SHERIFF SPEAKS AGAIN, SHOOT HIM IN THE HEAD.
YES, SIR.
YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN THAT WE WOULD COME FOR YOU. THAT YOU COULD NOT POSSIBLY ESCAPE.
SO WHY WOULD YOU DO THIS THING?
DON'T THINK I HAD A CHOICE.


THOSE GUNS WOULD BE USED TO KILL INNOCENT PEOPLE. I THOUGHT I COULD TURN MY BACK, WALK AWAY, BUT...
I GUESS THAT'S JUST NOT WHO I AM.
EVEN THOUGH IT MEANS YOUR DEATH.
IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES.
SUCH VANITY.
THE NOBILITY OF HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE APPEALS TO YOUR EGO...
...BUT I THINK YOU ARE LYING TO YOURSELF. ANSWERING A DEEPER NEED.
TELL ME...
...WHAT IS IT THAT YOU ARE SO AFRAID OF?
I'M...NOT AFRAID.

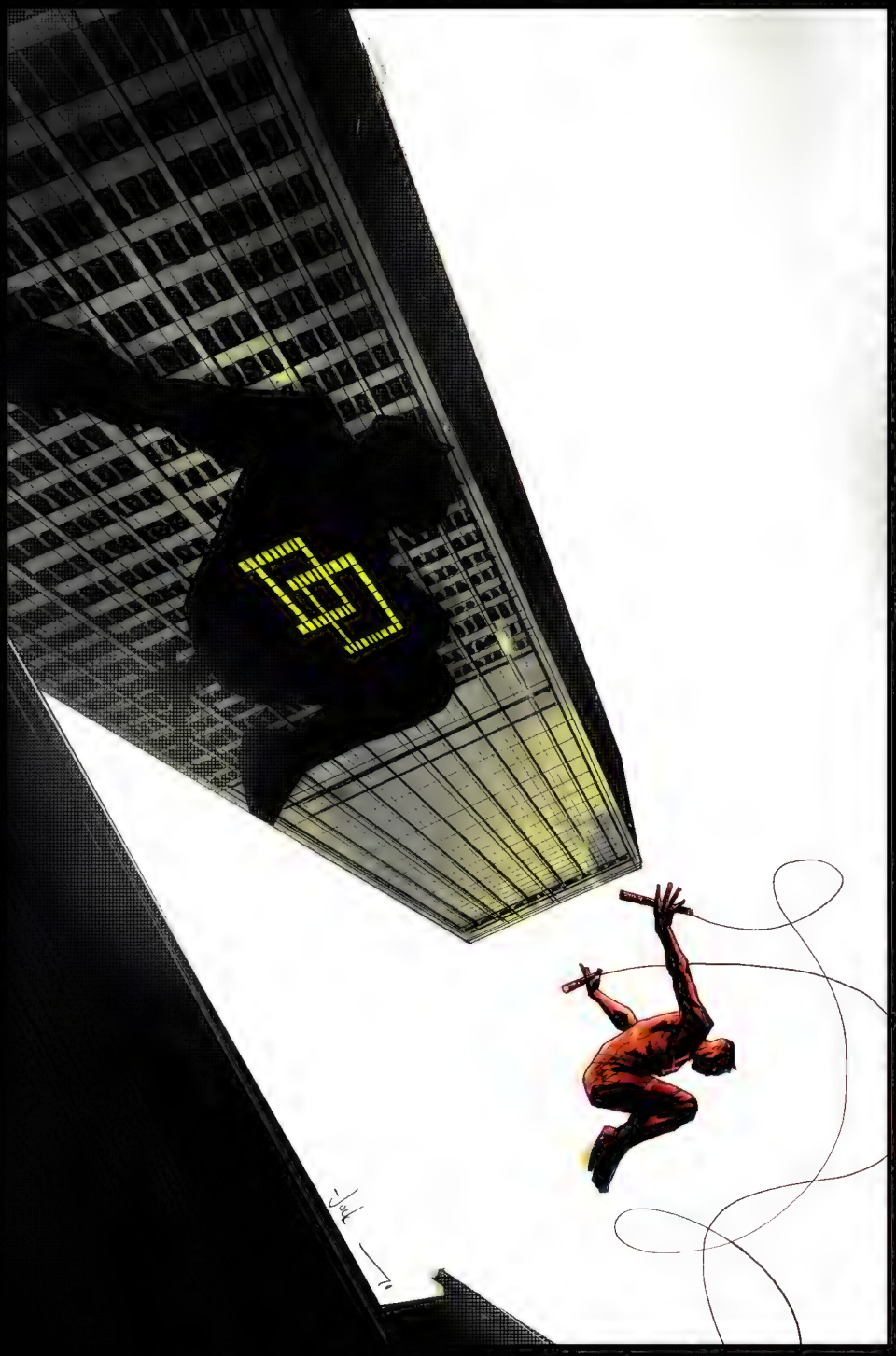

YOU ARE A POOR LIAR, MATT MURDOCK. BUT NO MATTER. I HAVE A GIFT TO SHARE WITH YOU.
HERE. LET ME SHOW YOU...
I'M BLIND. YOU CAN'T SHOW ME A DAMN THING.
YOU NEED NO EYES TO SEE WHAT LIES WITHIN YOUR HEART.
AAAA--!

HOW... HOW DID YOU...?
WHAT *ARE* YOU...?
I CAN SPLIT OPEN YOUR *SOUL*. AND SHOW YOU WHAT I FIND THERE.
YOU WEAR YOUR GUILT LIKE A MASK, TO HIDE YOU FROM THE WORLD. BUT YOU CANNOT ESCAPE THE JUDGMENT OF YOUR OWN *CONSCIENCE*.
AFTER WHAT YOU HAVE *DONE*... WHAT YOU HAVE *CAUSED* TO BE DONE...
YOU *WANT* TO DIE.
NO.
NO.
YOU HAVE WALKED THE PATH OF THE SELF-RIGHTEOUS, AND WHERE HAS IT LED YOU...?
ONLY TO PAIN, AND SUFFERING, AND DEATH.
IT HAS LED YOU TO *ME*.


DON'T
BDAM

THE ROAD TO HELL IS PAVED WITH GOOD INTENTIONS, MATT MURDOCK...
...AND THIS IS WHERE IT ENDS.
TO BE CONCLUDED!

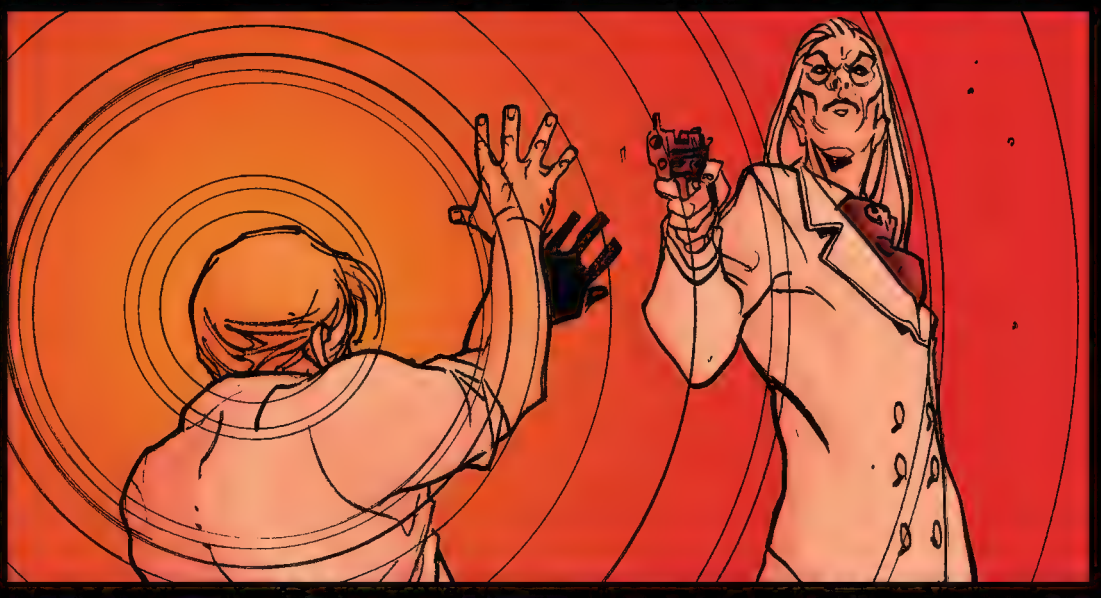
NEXT ISSUE



© 2013 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.
WWW.MARVEL.COM

MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
4 of 4
Diggle
Gianfelice
Hollingsworth
DAREDEVIL
DEATH
DEATH

DAREDEVIL REBORN



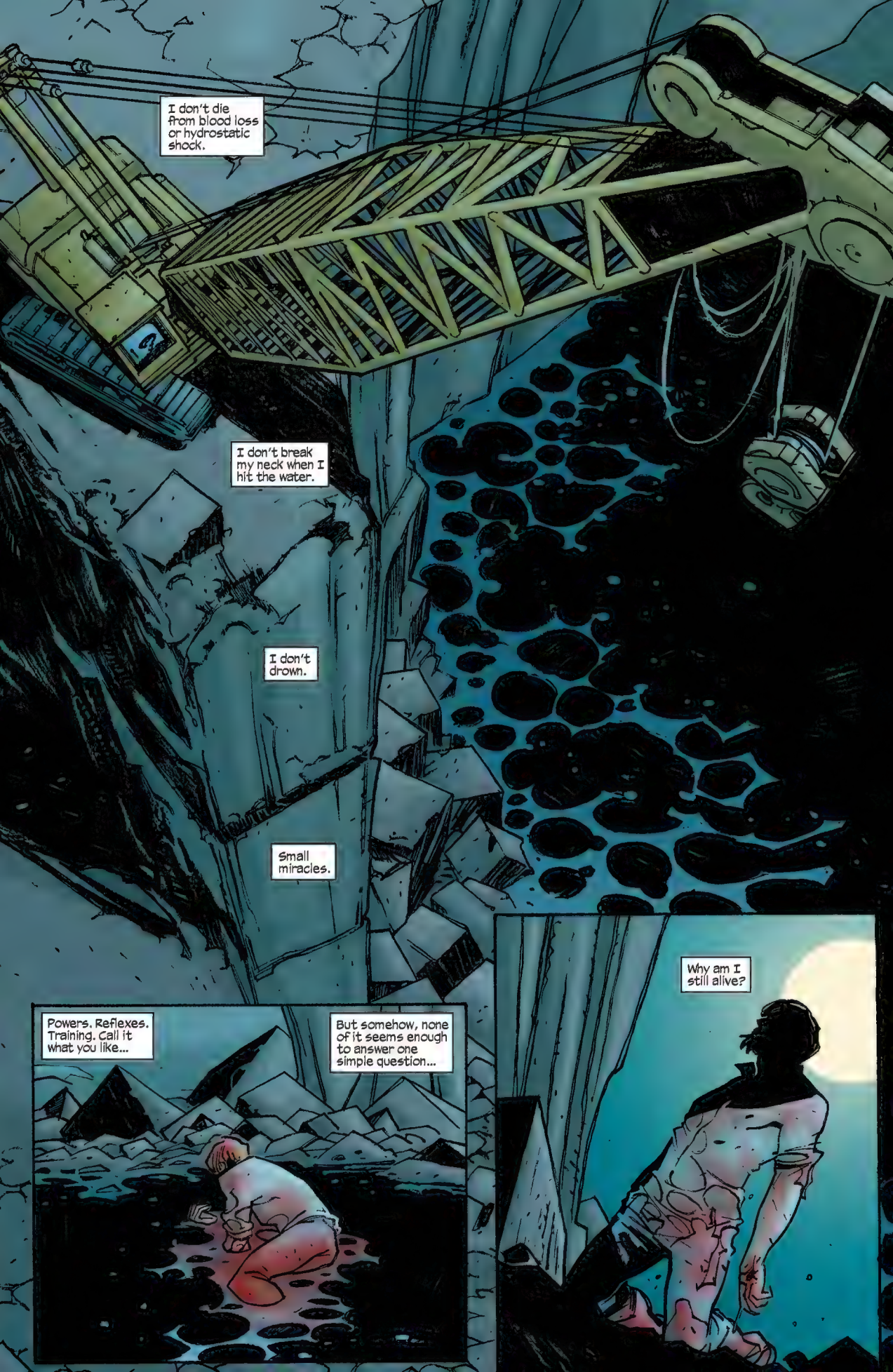
Attorney Matt Murdock is blind, but his other senses function with superhuman sharpness and form a radar sense. For years Matt stalked the streets of New York at night in relentless pursuit of justice as Daredevil…the Man Without Fear.

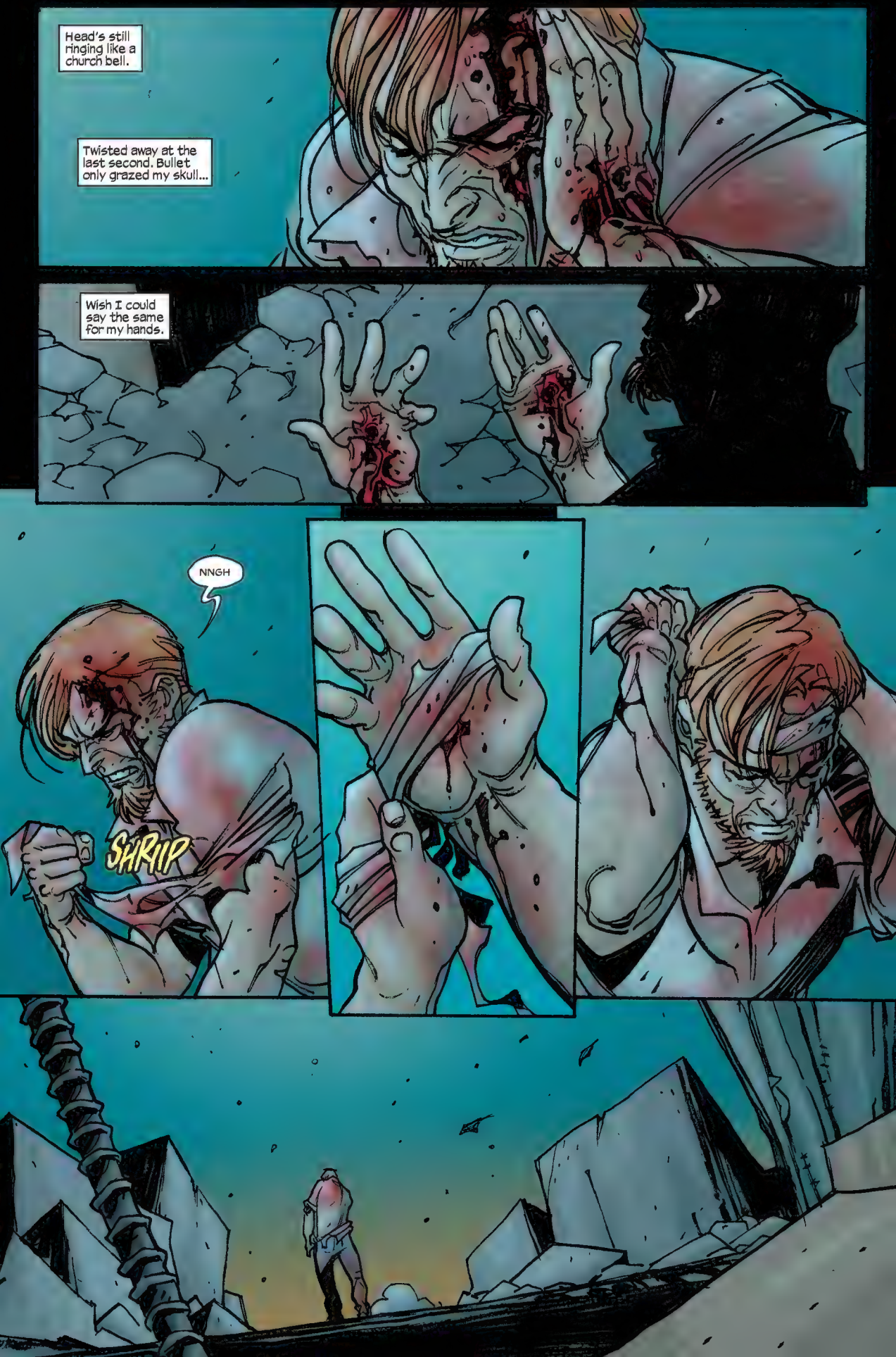
But as Daredevil, Matt made the greatest mistake of his life…and with death on his conscience, he turned his back on costumed heroics. Now Matt's left the city, looking for escape. Fleeing from himself.

Walking into a small town in New Mexico, Matt befriends a blind boy, and discovers that the sheriff's department is up to no good. Eager to avoid a confrontation where he might hurt someone – or kill again – Matt tries to pass through town without getting involved. But he discovers the crooked lawmen are supplying stolen guns to a crime boss called Calavera, in exchange for a shipment of heroin. Matt would sooner die than allow such evils to end up on the street.

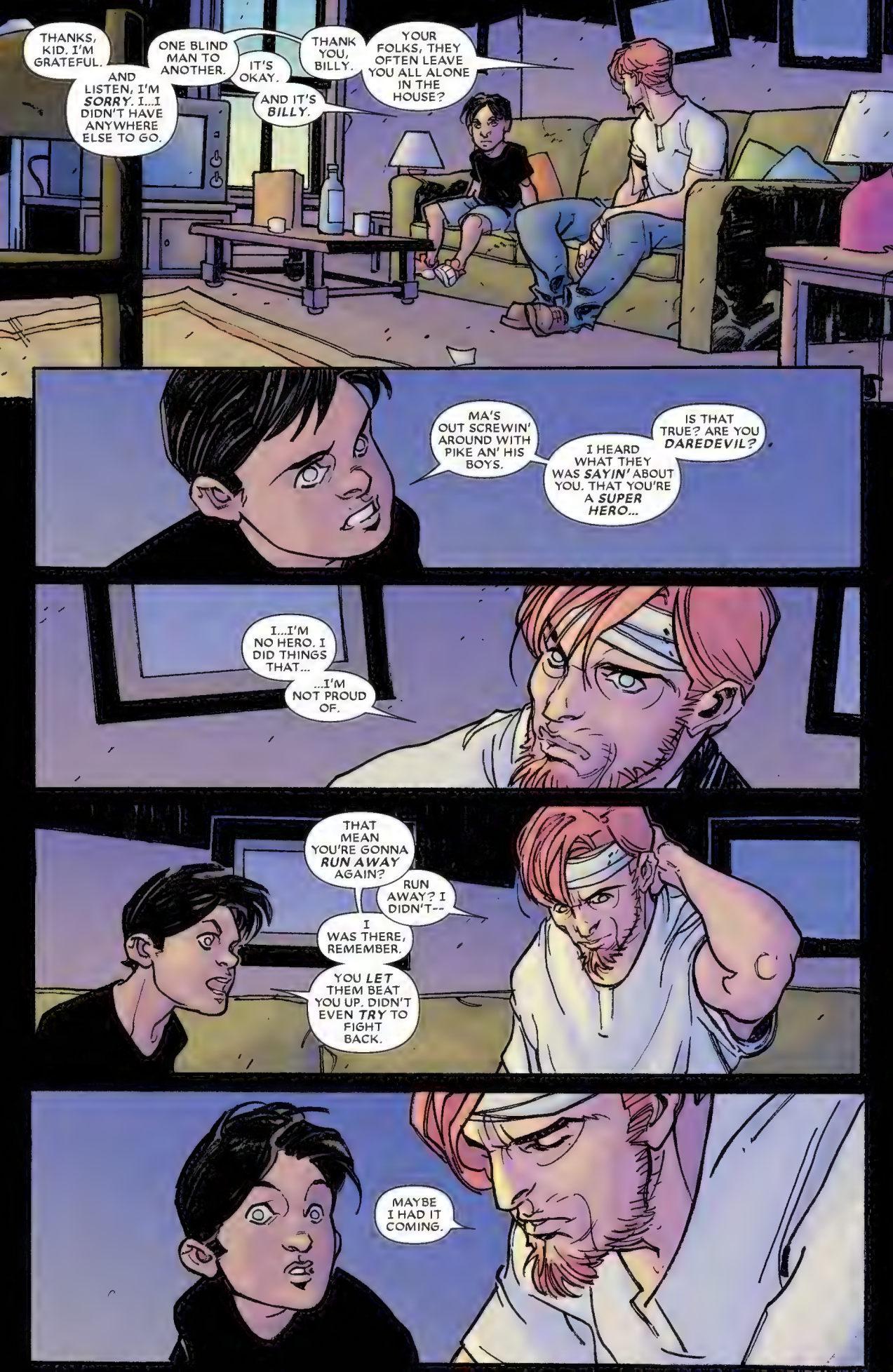
Matt steals the truck full of guns and dumps it into a lake. Calavera, whose strange ability to peer into the darkest parts of men's hearts can drive them mad, forces Matt to confront the ills he perpetrated as Daredevil. Matt is utterly broken as Calavera promises to end his torment; Calavera shoots him in the head, and Matt falls into the water below…

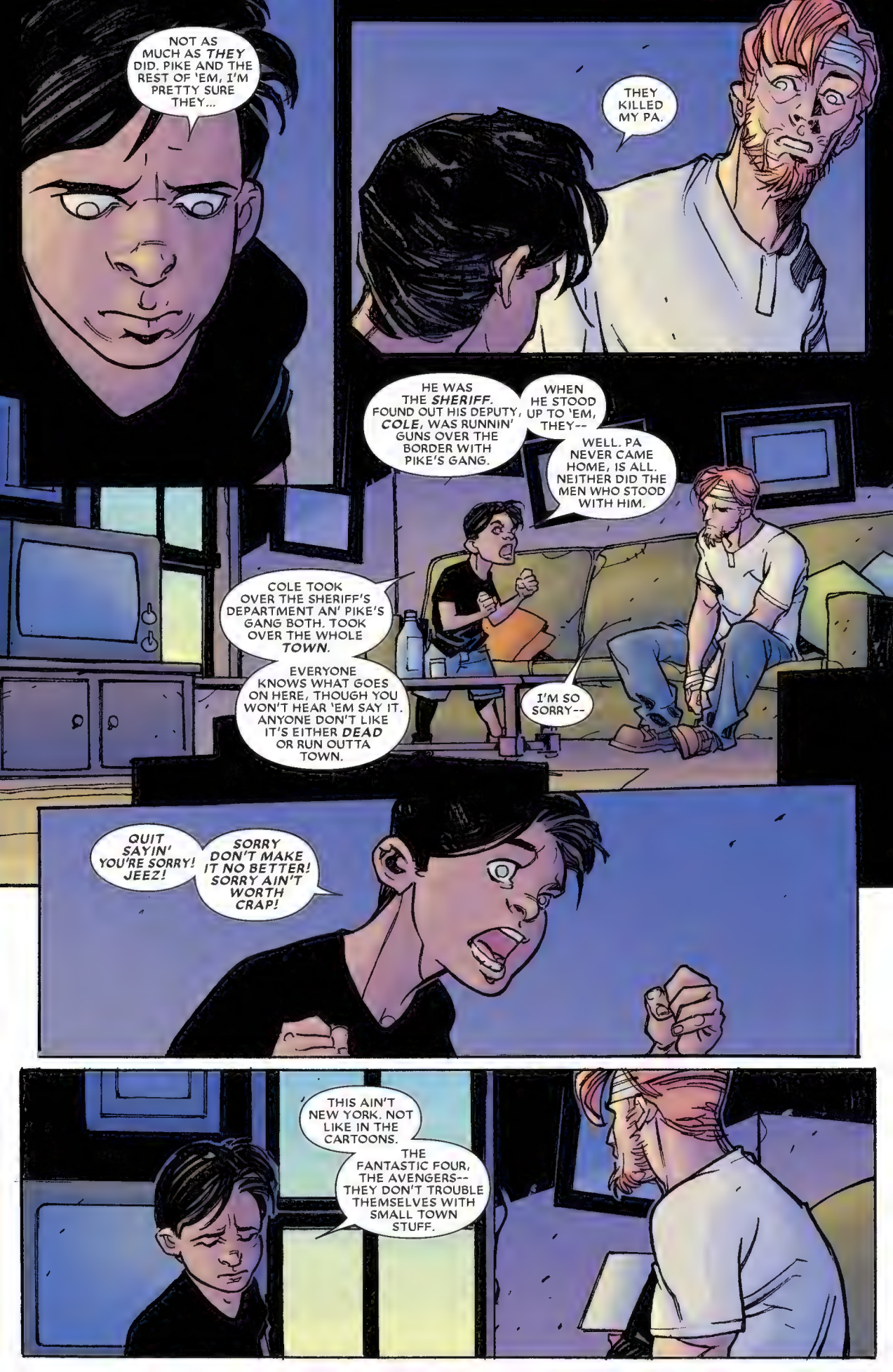
ANDY DIGGLE – WRITER **DAVIDE GIANFELICE** – ARTIST
MATT HOLLINGSWORTH – COLORS **VC's JOE CARAMAGNA** – LETTERS **JOCK** – COVER ART
ALEJANDRO ARBONA – ASSOCIATE EDITOR **STEPHEN WACKER** – SENIOR EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO – EDITOR IN CHIEF **JOE QUESADA** – CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
DAN BUCKLEY – PUBLISHER **ALAN FINE** – EXECUTIVE PRODUCER


I don't die from blood loss or hydrostatic shock.
I don't break my neck when I hit the water.
I don't drown.
Small miracles.
Powers. Reflexes. Training. Call it what you like...
But somehow, none of it seems enough to answer one simple question...
Why am I still alive?


Head's still ringing like a church bell.
Twisted away at the last second. Bullet only grazed my skull...
Wish I could say the same for my hands.
NNGH
SHRIP

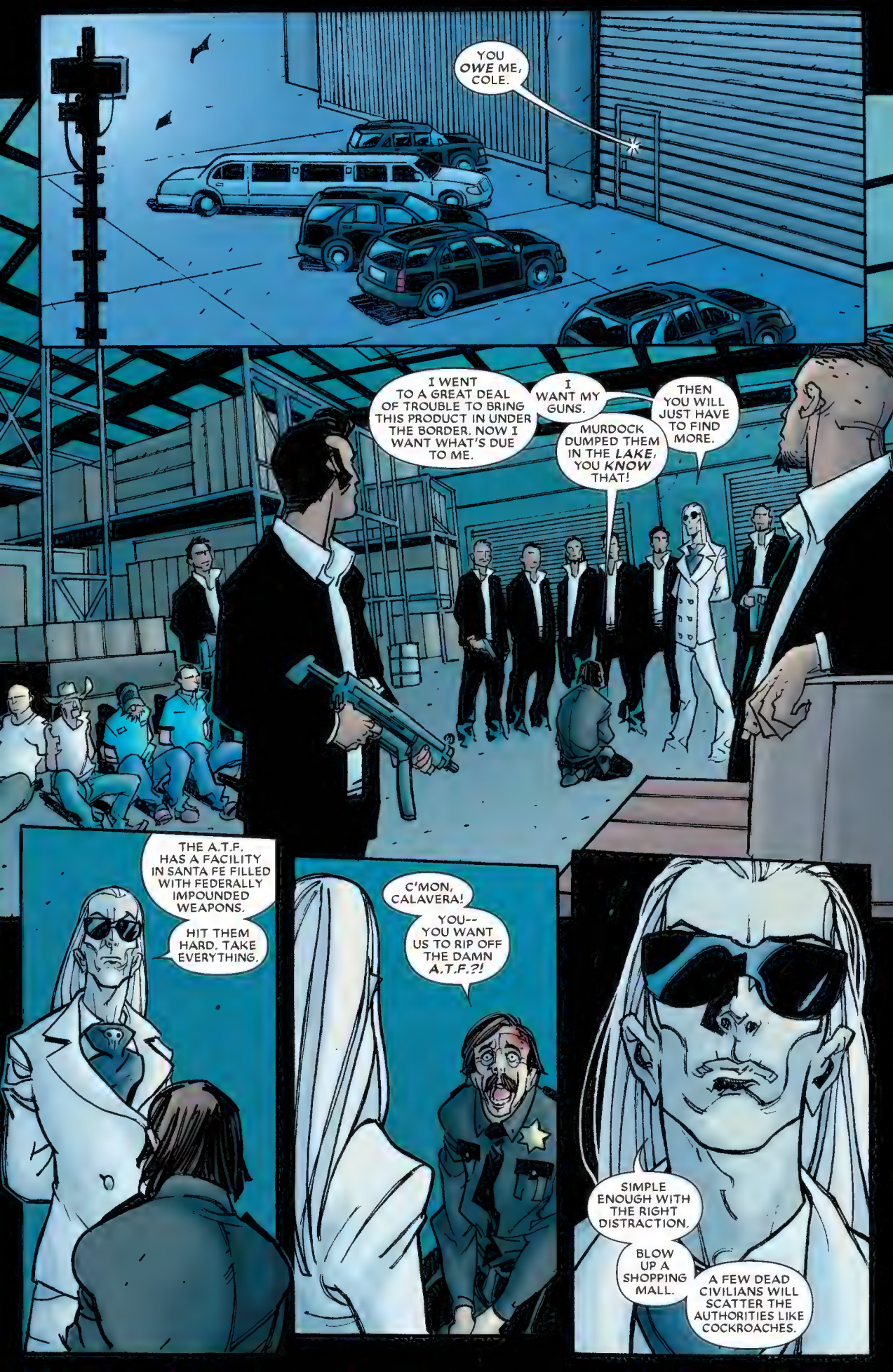
DUHN-DUH WE WILL FIGHT AS ONE 'TIL THE BATTLE'S WON...
DUH-DUHN EVIL ON THE RUN DUNH-DUH NUHN NUH!
PLEASE...
AAAAH!
HELP ME.


THANKS, KID. I'M GRATEFUL.
AND LISTEN, I'M SORRY. I...I DIDN'T HAVE ANYWHERE ELSE TO GO.
ONE BLIND MAN TO ANOTHER.
IT'S OKAY.
THANK YOU, BILLY.
AND IT'S BILLY.
YOUR FOLKS, THEY OFTEN LEAVE YOU ALL ALONE IN THE HOUSE?
MA'S OUT SCREWIN' AROUND WITH PIKE AN' HIS BOYS.
I HEARD WHAT THEY WAS SAYIN' ABOUT YOU. THAT YOU'RE A SUPER HERO...
IS THAT TRUE? ARE YOU DAREDEVIL?
I...I'M NO HERO. I DID THINGS THAT...
...I'M NOT PROUD OF.
THAT MEAN YOU'RE GONNA RUN AWAY AGAIN?
RUN AWAY? I DIDN'T--
I WAS THERE, REMEMBER.
YOU LET THEM BEAT YOU UP. DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO FIGHT BACK.
MAYBE I HAD IT COMING.


NOT AS MUCH AS *THEY* DID. PIKE AND THE REST OF 'EM, I'M PRETTY SURE THEY...
THEY KILLED MY PA.
HE WAS THE *SHERIFF*. FOUND OUT HIS DEPUTY, *COLE*, WAS RUNNIN' GUNS OVER THE BORDER WITH PIKE'S GANG.
WHEN HE STOOD UP TO 'EM, THEY--
WELL. PA NEVER CAME HOME, IS ALL. NEITHER DID THE MEN WHO STOOD WITH HIM.
COLE TOOK OVER THE SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT AN' PIKE'S GANG BOTH. TOOK OVER THE WHOLE *TOWN*.
EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT GOES ON HERE, THOUGH YOU WON'T HEAR 'EM SAY IT. ANYONE DON'T LIKE IT'S EITHER *DEAD* OR RUN OUTTA TOWN.
I'M SO SORRY--
QUIT SAYIN' YOU'RE SORRY! JEEZ!
SORRY DON'T MAKE IT NO BETTER! SORRY AIN'T WORTH CRAP!
THIS AIN'T NEW YORK. NOT LIKE IN THE CARTOONS.
THE FANTASTIC FOUR, THE AVENGERS-- THEY DON'T TROUBLE THEMSELVES WITH SMALL TOWN STUFF.

SO YOU AIN'T NO HERO, *FINE*, I GET IT.
YOU'RE *SCARED*. WE'RE *ALL* SCARED HERE.
MY PA ALWAYS SAID YOU SHOULD BE STRONG AN' *FACE* YOUR FEAR. BUT HE WAS WRONG, WASN'T HE?
BEIN' A HERO JUST GETS YOU *KILLED*.
ONE DAY I'LL BE BIG. BIG ENOUGH TO *JOIN* PIKE AN' COLE AN' ALL THE REST...
MAYBE THEN I WON'T BE *SCARED* ALL THE TIME.
YOUR FATHER. DO YOU STILL HAVE HIS OLD POLICE GEAR?
I GUESS SO. WHY, WHAT DO YOU NEED...?
CLOTHES. GLOVES.
NIGHTSTICKS.

NIGHTSTICKS?! YOU MEAN YOU'RE GONNA--?
LISTEN.
I DID RUN AWAY. ALL THE WAY FROM NEW YORK. BUT THE THING I WAS RUNNING AWAY FROM...
TURNS OUT IT WAS INSIDE ME ALL THE TIME.
YOUR FATHER WASN'T WRONG, BILLY. AND I'M GOING TO PROVE IT TO YOU.
BUT... WHAT ABOUT YOUR HANDS? WON'T IT HURT...?
IT'S SUPPOSED TO HURT.


YOU OWE ME, COLE.
I WENT TO A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE TO BRING THIS PRODUCT IN UNDER THE BORDER. NOW I WANT WHAT'S DUE TO ME.
I WANT MY GUNS.
MURDOCK DUMPED THEM IN THE LAKE, YOU KNOW THAT!
THEN YOU WILL JUST HAVE TO FIND MORE.
THE A.T.F. HAS A FACILITY IN SANTA FE FILLED WITH FEDERALLY IMPOUNDED WEAPONS.
HIT THEM HARD. TAKE EVERYTHING.
C'MON, CALAVERA!
YOU-- YOU WANT US TO RIP OFF THE DAMN A.T.F.?!
SIMPLE ENOUGH WITH THE RIGHT DISTRACTION.
BLOW UP A SHOPPING MALL.
A FEW DEAD CIVILIANS WILL SCATTER THE AUTHORITIES LIKE COCKROACHES.

YOU'RE OUTTA YOUR MIND IF--
CAREFUL, COLE. I MAY WELL BE OUT OF MY MIND...
...BUT REMEMBER I CAN SEE INTO YOURS!
WHY...?
WHY DID YOU DO IT, COLE...?
WHY DID YOU KILL US...?
AAAAH!
GET 'EM AWAY! DON'T LET 'EM GET MEEEE--

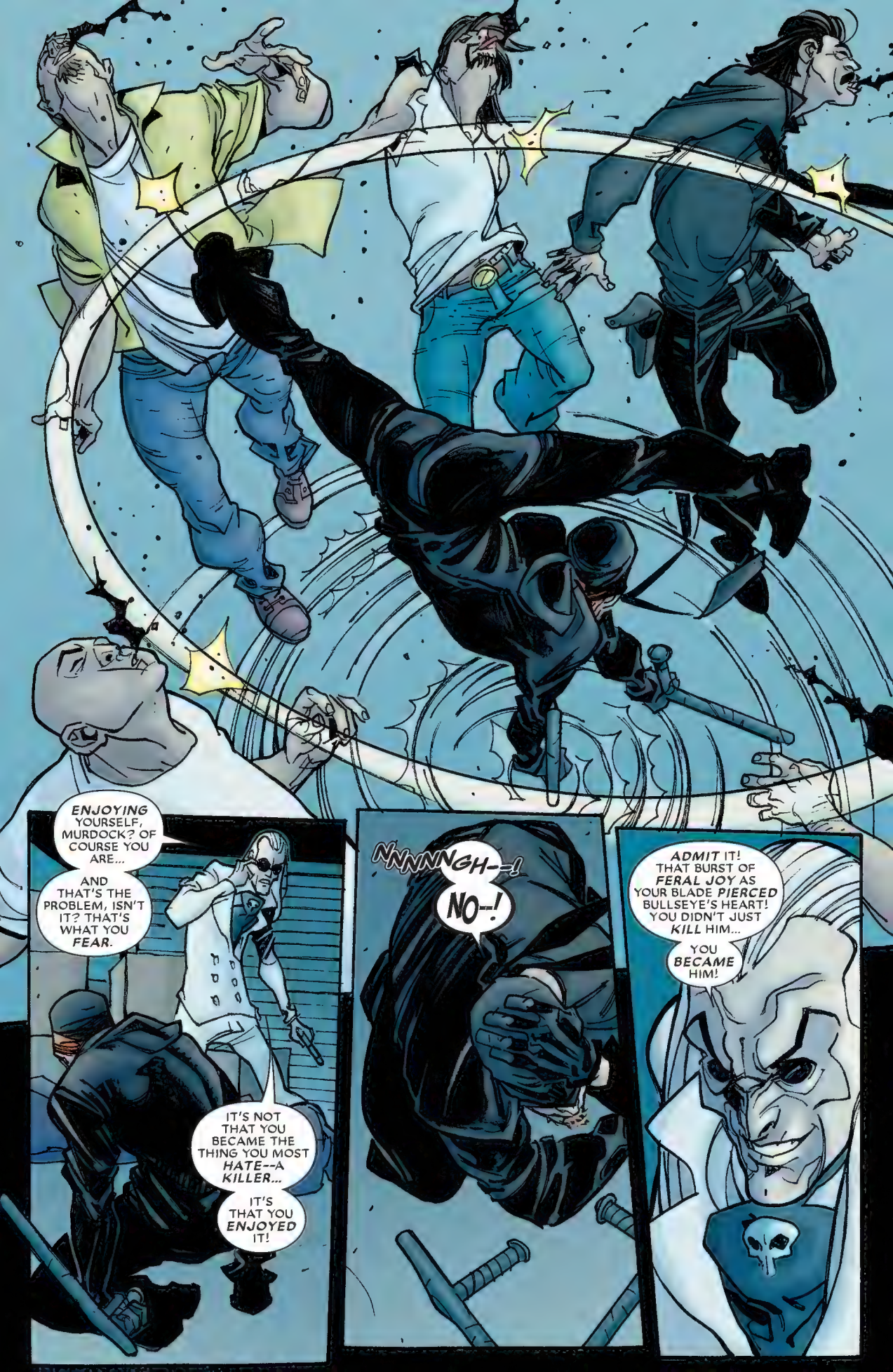
MAN, I DON' CARE HOW MANY TIMES I SEEN CALAVERA PULL THAT HEAD TRICK, STILL CREEPS ME OUT, Y'KNOW?
DON' LET HIM HEAR YOU SAY THAT, MAN, HE'LL PULL IT ON YOU.
DRAG OUT YOUR NIGHTMARES AN' MAKE 'EM DANCE FOR YOU, EH?
JAVIER? YOU EVEN LISTENIN' TO ME, MAN...?
KRAK
JAVIER--?!
WHOKK

OKAY, OKAY, I'LL-- I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY.
JUST, PLEASE, DON'T...
DON'T LET THE DEAD GET ME.
TOO LATE FOR THAT, COLE.
A WHOLE LIFETIME TOO LATE.
I SENT MYSELF TO HELL.
AND NOW I'M BACK, CALAVERA...
FOR YOU.
I DON'T THINK SO.
MURDOCK--?!
NOT POSSIBLE--
I SENT YOU TO HELL!

PAFF
¡HIJO DE--!
MY EYES--!
DON'T BREATHE IT IN! THAT'S PURE HEROIN--!
GUN HIM DOWN!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
PEEOWW
SPANNGG
PTANNGG

WHUDD
THOK
AAH
AAH!
UNNNNGHHH
WHUD
I SAID YOU'D BETTER PRAY I DON'T SEE YOU AGAIN, CITY BOY.
BUT MY PRAYERS...?
LOOKS LIKE THEY JUST BEEN ANSWERED.
ENOUGH OF THIS ONE AT A TIME CRAP, FELLAS...

RUSH HIM!
KLUNNGG
HLLK
UNGHH
HHUNCHH


ENJOYING YOURSELF, MURDOCK? OF COURSE YOU ARE...
AND THAT'S THE PROBLEM, ISN'T IT? THAT'S WHAT YOU FEAR.
IT'S NOT THAT YOU BECAME THE THING YOU MOST HATE--A KILLER...
IT'S THAT YOU ENJOYED IT!
NNNNGH--!
NO--!
ADMIT IT! THAT BURST OF FERAL JOY AS YOUR BLADE PIERCED BULLSEYE'S HEART! YOU DIDN'T JUST KILL HIM...
YOU BECAME HIM!

NNNOOOOOOOOO
NO! IT'S A LIE--!
THAT'S NOT...WHAT I AM--!
YOU CAN LIE TO ME, MURDOCK--BUT YOU CAN'T LIE TO YOURSELF!
YOU THINK YOU CAN...TURN ME INTO A BLUBBERING WRECK... BY PREYING ON MY FEARS...
BUT I'VE ALREADY FACED THEM--AND COME OUT THE OTHER SIDE!
YOU UNDERSTAND ME, CALAVERA? I KNOW WHAT I AM...
WHO I AM...
AND I AM NOT AFRAID!

BLAM
SPANNGG
BLAM BLAM
PTANNGG
PTTOWW
KRAKK
WOKK
NOT AFRAID...

COULD YOU AT LEAST GIVE ME A DESCRIPTION, LITTLE FELLA?
MY SON IS BLIND, SIR. HE'S A GOOD BOY, BUT HE CAN'T HELP YOU NONE.
SWAT
DEA
HOW ABOUT A NAME?
HE NEVER MENTIONED IT.
DEA
SO THIS MYSTERY MAN OF YOURS, HE TAKES DOWN A DOZEN HARDENED NARCOS...
...INCLUDING CALAVERA, ALREADY WANTED FOR SIX HOMICIDES, MAYBE MORE...
...AND YOU CAN'T TELL ME THE FIRST DAMN THING ABOUT HIM?

ONE THING...
PING
HE TAUGHT ME HOW TO LISTEN.
FAP
DEA
LISTEN, HUH?
SO DID HE HAVE ANY KIND OF REGIONAL ACCENT, MAYBE?
SURE, YEAH, I GUESS YOU COULD SAY HE HAD AN ACCENT...
"... BUT I SURE AS HELL COULDN'T TELL YOU WHERE IT WAS FROM."
NEW YORK
GO EVERETT BUS

HELL'S KITCHEN, NEW YORK
OH, GOD.
THERE'S SOMEBODY IN THE APARTMENT.
PLEASE DON'T BE NINJAS...
PLEASE DON'T BE NINJAS...
HELLO, FOGGY.
LOSING WEIGHT?

MATT! WHAT-- HOW...
WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN--?!
THE PAST FEW NIGHTS, SCOUTING PROPERTIES, MOSTLY.
I FOUND A CORNER OFFICE WITH ROOFTOP ACCESS. IT'LL BE PERFECT.
PERFECT? FOR WHAT...?
NELSON AND MURDOCK.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
BUT-- BUT WITH EVERYTHING THAT--
I KNOW.
AND--AND WHAT ABOUT THE BAR--
I KNOW, FOGGY.
TRUST ME, EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT. I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT.
NOW, HERE. DRINK UP...

WE HAVE A LOT OF WORK TO DO.
RRULE
THE END

THE RETURN OF THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

That's right, Daredevil fans, Matt's back in NYC… reborn and ready for action.

Before we move the next phase of Matt Murdock's story, though, we do want to say a fond farewell to writer Andy Diggle who has taken the Man Without Fear on a brutal journey through the Shadowland of his inner demons over the past 2 years and returned him on the other side of the darkness more focused and stronger than ever. Thanks, Andy!

Also we want to show our appreciation to resident geniuses Davide Gianfelice and Matt Hollingsworth who (along with brilliant cover artist Jock) have made "Daredevil Reborn" one of the most visually arresting books at Marvel. Matt's already coloring many of our top books and Davide is an artist you'll be seeing a lot more here. (Jock is off drawing Detective Comics for DC. Jerk!)

And of course where would my books be without Joe Caramagna lettering his heart out and doing most of behind the scenes production work to cover up my mistakes.

Take a bow, everyone.

A lot of what you've come to expect from Matt Murdock over the past few years is now changed and you'll be able to see the effects of in just a few months as Daredevil returns with a brand new first issue by writer Mark Waid and artists Marcos Martin and Paolo Rivera.

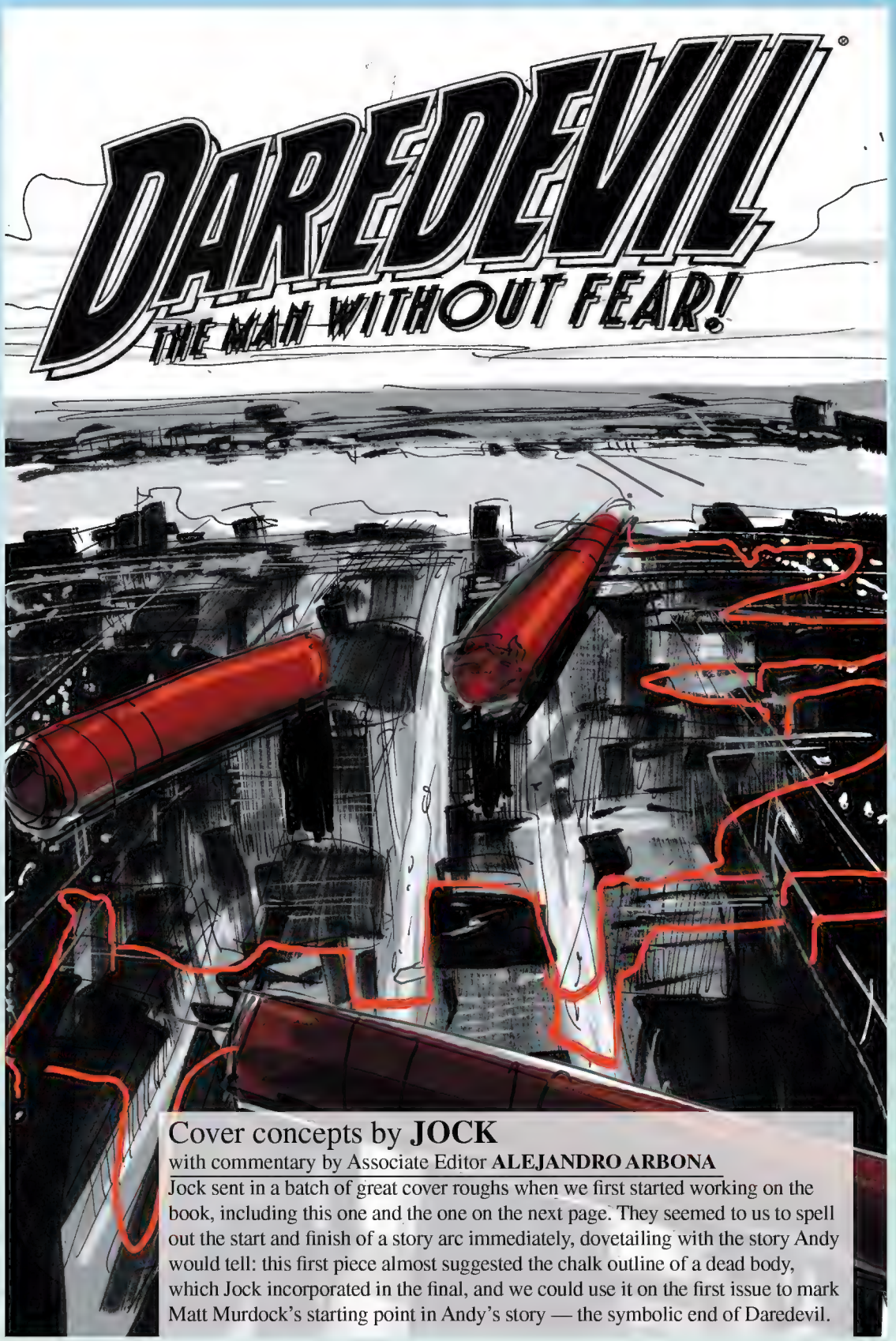
So come back in July for a Daredevil like you've never seen.

No Fear!
Stephen Wacker

DAREDEVIL #1
ON SALE !

To find MARVEL COMICS at a local comic and hobby shop, go to www.comicshoplocator.com or call 1-888-COMICBOOK.

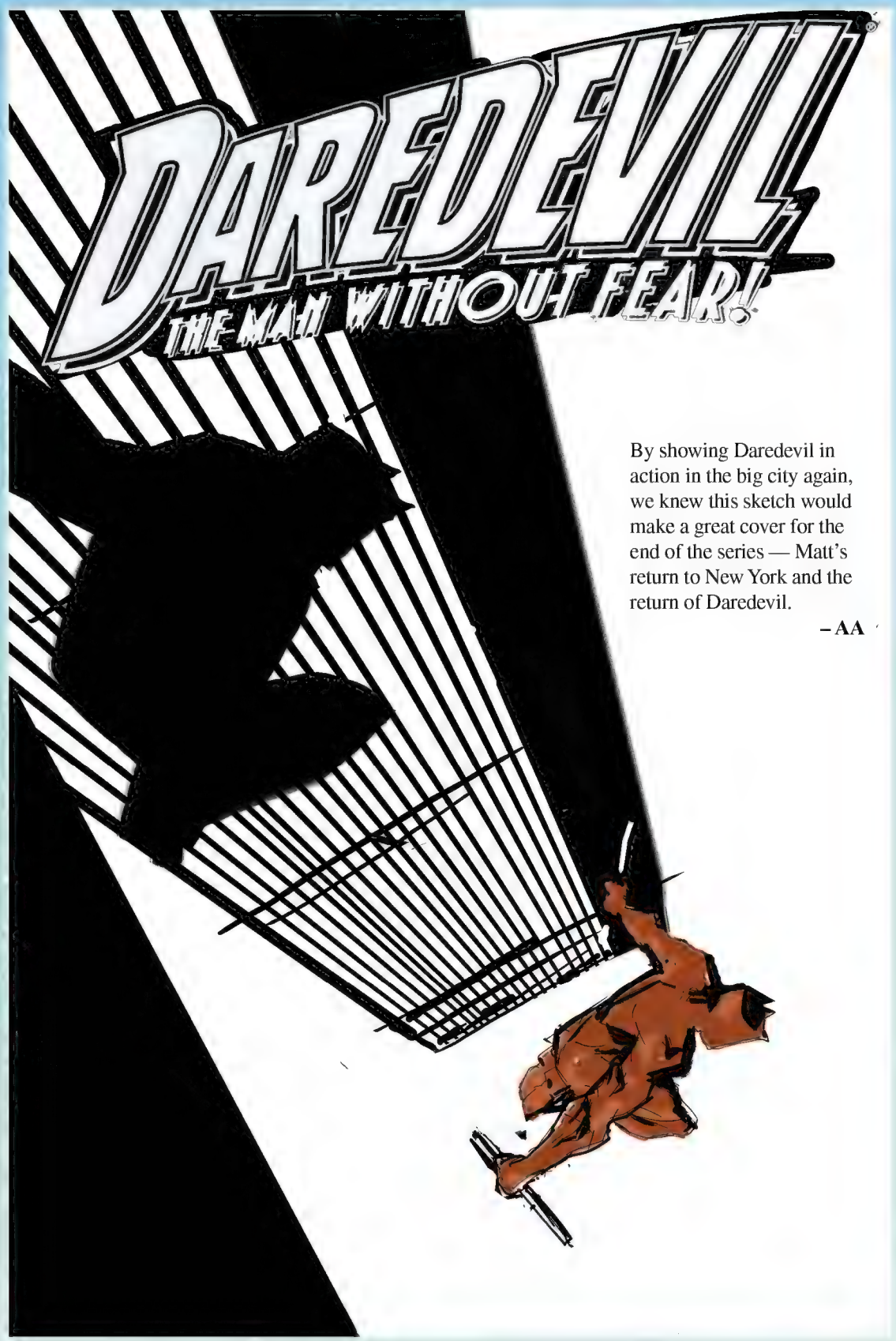
© 2013 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.
WWW.MARVEL.COM



Cover concepts by **JOCK**

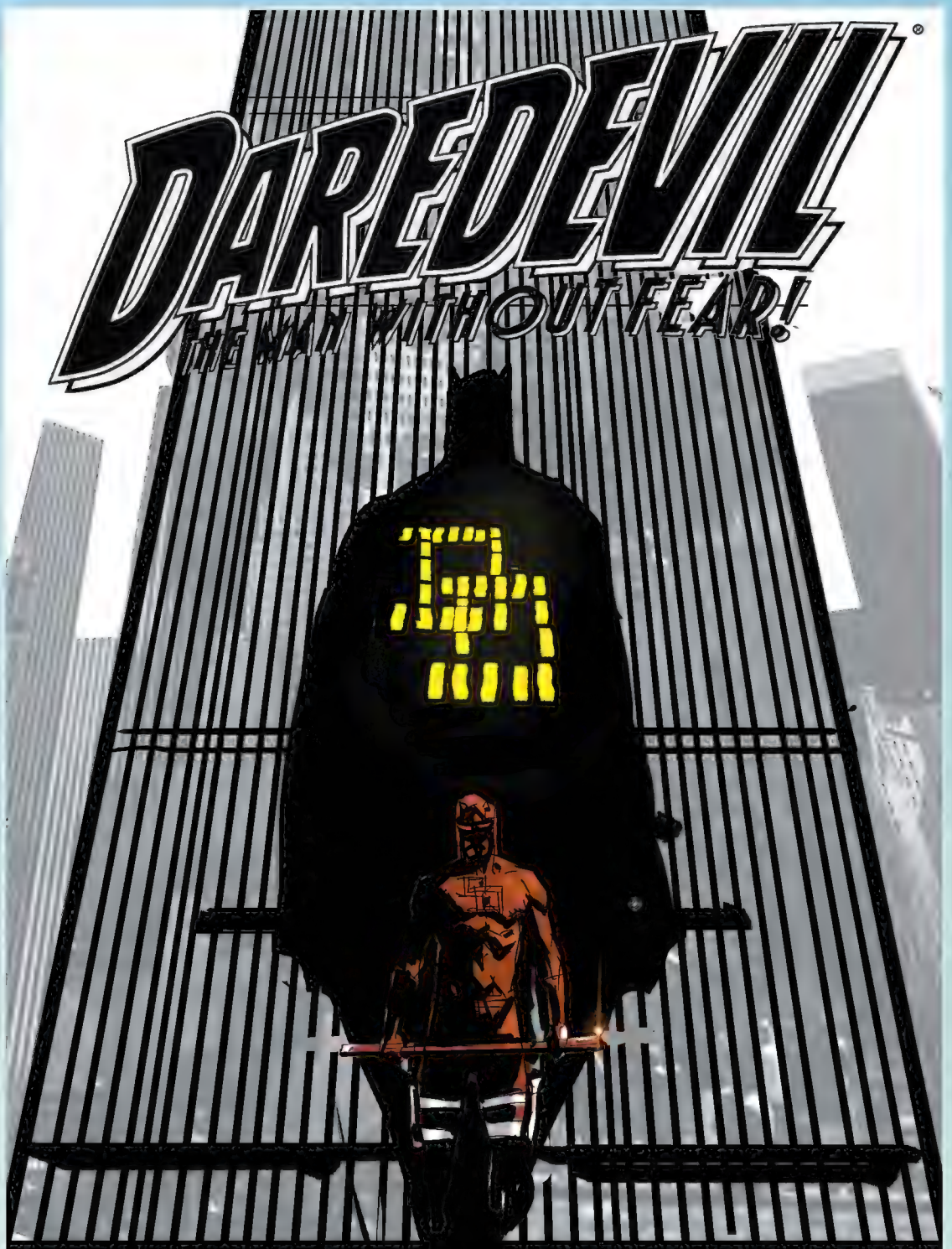
with commentary by Associate Editor **ALEJANDRO ARBONA**

Jock sent in a batch of great cover roughs when we first started working on the book, including this one and the one on the next page. They seemed to us to spell out the start and finish of a story arc immediately, dovetailing with the story Andy would tell: this first piece almost suggested the chalk outline of a dead body, which Jock incorporated in the final, and we could use it on the first issue to mark Matt Murdock's starting point in Andy's story — the symbolic end of Daredevil.



By showing Daredevil in action in the big city again, we knew this sketch would make a great cover for the end of the series — Matt's return to New York and the return of Daredevil.

– AA



An alternate take by Jock on the DD-in-NY piece. Steve and Andy and I loved the idea of the lights in skyscraper windows at night mimicking the DD logo. At the end of the day, though, we'd only be able to run one New York City cover, and to mark Daredevil's return, it should be thrilling and acrobatic; this one, though elegant, was less eye-grabbing.

– AA

This was Jock's first take on the cover for issue three, and it looked terrific. Then, seized by an impulse to experiment, Jock suddenly tried the piece in a wash of pink, and it looked even better.

– AA

Jock included this in his initial batch of cover roughs. It sets Daredevil in stark contrast to the setting this story would surround him with; but, as with the shot of Daredevil in front of the skyscraper, we opted for covers with more activity and high-flying acrobatics. The cross imagery also conveyed Matt Murdock's overwhelming moral burden, but his faith wasn't a theme we planned to explore in this series, so we preferred not to suggest it on the cover.

– AA

The first chapter of **DAREDEVIL: REBORN** brings Matt Murdock to a place far from the roofs and alleys of Hell's Kitchen, and sets him on a journey that defines him as a man and as a super hero. Here is writer **ANDY DIGGLE**'s script for the opening scene of **DAREDEVIL: REBORN #1** with his notes to artist **DAVIDE GIANFELICE**, highlighted by Gianfelice's inked "widescreen" artwork.

D A R E D E V I L
R E B O R N
Issue 1 of 4
Script by Andy Diggle

Hey, Davide -- let me just start off by saying how thrilled I am to be working with you! I've been a fan of yours ever since the first issue of NORTHLANDERS. Please feel free to email or phone me any time you want to discuss the script -- this is a collaboration, after all, and I'd value your input. This series is very different from the typical DD story, and about as far as you can get from the grimy backstreets and rooftops of Hell's Kitchen. Instead we'll be spending our days in a broken-down, sun-hammered town on the New Mexico border. Matt Murdock will be wearing civilian clothes throughout: dusty aviator shades (which he never takes off, except to sleep), faded jeans, hiker boots, a battered old leather or denim jacket, and an Army-style kit-bag slung over his shoulder. He's been living rough for weeks, and hasn't shaved in all that time. Picture 70s-era Robert Redford.

The atmosphere I'm aiming for is a cross between Sergio Leone's Spaghetti Westerns and modern neo-noir thrillers like BLOOD SIMPLE, RED ROCK WEST, BREAKDOWN and NO COUNTRY FOR OLD MEN. A corrupt small town in a vast, barren landscape, far beyond the laws of Man...

PAGE 1

FULL PAGE SPLASH. A vast, flat expanse of sun-baked New Mexico badlands. Dry dusty earth, scrub weeds. An empty highway stretches from the foreground, receding straight as an arrow towards low foothills on the far horizon. In the middle distance, a LONE FIGURE is walking along the road towards us, his boot heels kicking up clouds of dust in the still air, but he's too far away for us to see who he is...

Compose the page so there's plenty of dead space down the lefthand side for a stack of captions...

CAPTION
Been walking a while now. Weeks, maybe. Always south, south-west, orienting by the feel of the sun on my face.

CAPTION
Took the bus for as long as I could stand it. The noise, the stench--too much.

CAPTION
But out here in the badlands there's nothing. It's what I need. Nothing.

CAPTION
Nothing but the hiss of the wind in the needlegrass and the endless, hypnotic tread of boot heels on dusty asphalt.

CAPTION
Nothing to fear.

CAPTION
I don't think about what I'm walking away from. I don't think about anything at all.

CAPTION
I just walk.

PAGE 2

1) Low angle, ground-level POV as the lone stranger walks into town, his boot heels kicking up dust on panel right. The main street stretched out before him. A run-down old bar/diner on the left. A 12-year old BLIND KID sits in the dust outside the diner, sullenly flipping a coin. The kid wears big, blocky, oversized shades...

2) Close on the kid's thumb flicking the coin into the air...

FX
pinng

3) Close. The coin spins in the air--

4) Close. The kid's hand held out, palm up, waiting to catch the coin...

5) Close on the stranger, who we now recognize as MATT MURDOCK. He looks unkempt — a few weeks' worth of beard, his fringe of hair falling over his dusty aviator shades. He stops, cocks his head slightly, listening...

6) Close. The coin thuds gently into the dust by the kid's feet.

FX

tunk

7) Widen. Matt walks on past the kid, heading for the bar/diner.

PAGE 3

1) Wide establishing shot of the bar/diner interior. Matt slumps into a booth seat by the window. The place is otherwise empty. Daily specials chalked up on a blackboard. On the far side from Matt, the waitress listlessly wipes a dish-rag over the counter.

2) Close. Matt runs his bare fingertips across the plastic-laminated menu sheet, trying to "read" the ink like braille.

CAPTION

Laminated.

CAPTION

Can't "read" it if it's laminated.

3) The waitress has come over, looms over Matt. She's overweight, bored, chewing on a toothpick. Make this a fairly wide panel with room for back-and-forth dialogue.

WAITRESS

Get you somethin'?

MATT MURDOCK

I'd like to hear your specials.

WAITRESS

They're right there on the board.

MATT MURDOCK

I'd like to hear them.

4) The waitress, sour.

WAITRESS

Grits an' eggs.

5) Widen. The waitress moves away. Matt turns to the window beside him, as if looking out at the lifeless, dusty town beyond. A broken-down place. No people, no traffic...

MATT MURDOCK

That'll be fine.
(link)
And coffee.

CAPTION

After New York, the quiet has been refreshing...

CAPTION

But not here.

PAGE 4

Row of three small panels--

1) Small inset. The kid's thumb flicks a coin...

CAPTION

This feels more like the quiet of the grave.

FX

pinng

2) Small inset. The kid's hand held out, ready to catch the coin...

3) Small inset. The coin hits the ground, throwing up a tiny puff of dust.

FX

tunk

4) Close. An empty coffee mug THUDS onto the table in front of Matt, jolting him out of his reverie.

WAITRESS
(off-panel)

So your car break down?

FX

KLUNK

5) Matt "looks" down at his coffee, stoney-faced, as the waitress pours coffee into it. She's suspicious of him, but he really doesn't want to make conversation.

MATT MURDOCK

I'm sorry?

WAITRESS

I didn't hear no car.

MATT MURDOCK

I, uh...I walked.

6) Matt's POV. The waitress sneers down at us, holding the steaming coffee jug.

WAITRESS

All the way out from Baxterville? You plumb crazy?!

PAGE 5

1) On Matt.

MATT MURDOCK

I like to walk. It clears my head.

2) The waitress narrows her eyes.

WAITRESS

Fries your brains, more like...
(link)
So I guess you got...business in town, huh?

3) On Matt.

MATT MURDOCK
Just passing through.

4) Close on the waitress, openly suspicious.

WAITRESS
We don't exactly get a lot of sightseers around here.

5) Big, full-width. POV looking out through the kitchen door behind the counter. On panel left in the background, Matt sits at the window eating his plate of food. In foreground panel right, the waitress is lurking out of his eyesight through the door, speaking on the kitchen wall-phone. Furtive, suspicious...

PAGE 6

1) Outside the diner, later. POV looking past the blind kid in foreground panel left, still flipping his coin. Matt steps out of the diner in mid-ground panel right, "looking" over towards the kid.

FX
pinng

2) Small. The coin hits the dust.

FX
tunk

3) The kid KICKS the dust, enraged by his constant failure. Matt comes over to him, slipping his kit-bag off his shoulder.

KID
Dammit--!

MATT MURDOCK
Easy, kid.
(link)
Here. Let me show you.

4) Close on Matt, kneeling. He holds up a coin between thumb and forefinger.

MATT MURDOCK
It'll spin different every time. You never know which way it's going to come at you.
(link)
So listen. Paint a picture in your head of every sound around you. The wind through the alleyways, cars in the distance...
(link)
Feel it come off the walls.

5) Matt holds out the coin for the kid to take.

MATT MURDOCK
Now when you flip the coin, that tiny spinning sound it makes? Your hand knows where it is.
(link)
Don't wait for it to come to you. Reach out and take it.

PAGE 7

1) The kid flips the coin--

FX
pinng

2) The coin arcs high in the air--

3) --and the kid CATCHES it! His face lights up with triumphant delight.

FX
fap

KID
Ha!

4) Matt actually smiles. He slumps against the side of the diner, sitting in the dust next to the kid. His kit-bag beside him.

MATT MURDOCK
Pretty slick.
(link)
So how long ago did you lose your sight?

5) Big, wide image. The two of them sit side-by-side in their dusty shades. The kid "looks" over to Matt. Leave enough dead space in the image for back-and-forth dialogue.

KID
Few months. Muzzle flash.

MATT MURDOCK
Jesus.
(link)
Well listen. I know it's hard. I know right now it feels like the end of the world. But I've been where you are, kid, and trust me, it ain't.

KID
You're blind too?

MATT MURDOCK
Since I was about your age.
(link)
So as bad as things may get, just remember--you're not alone.

PAGE 8

1) Close on the kid.

KID
Are you alone?

2) Close on Matt. The question gets under his skin. He's suddenly nonplussed, evasive, doesn't know how to answer.

MATT MURDOCK
I'm--
(link)
That...
(link)
That's different.

3) Matt looks up at the sound of a voice from off-panel.

PIKE
(off-panel)
You look lost, mister.

4) Matt's POV, low angle. FOUR TOUGH GUYS loom over us; enforcers for a local gang. Badland rednecks, bar brawlers. Their leader is PIKE, a mean son-of-a-bitch wearing a grubby trucker cap.

CAPTION
The kid's heartbeat spikes.

CAPTION
He knows these men. And he's terrified of them.

PIKE
Figure maybe you took a wrong turn.
(link)
I'd be happy ta show you the way outta town.

PAGE 9

1) Big, wide. Matt stands. The kid cowers behind him. The four men stand in a semicircle

around them.

CAPTION
Sour tang of booze and adrenaline sweat. They're spoiling for a fight.

CAPTION
Smell of gun oil and nitrocellulose on the alpha dog. Hand loads.

MATT MURDOCK
Please. I'm not looking for any trouble.

PIKE
Funny how it has a way of findin' you anyway, though, huh?
(link)
You got no business talkin' to that boy, y'hear? You got no business in this town anyways. So start walkin'.

2) Pike leans in close, snarling into Matt's face. Matt doesn't even flinch.

CAPTION
I could take all four of them out before they even knew they'd started a fight.

MATT MURDOCK
Alright, let's not do anything foolish...

PIKE
You callin' me a fool, city boy?

3) Close on Matt, fearless, unflinching, stoic. Pike's sneering face reflected in his dusty aviator shades.

CAPTION
I could kill them.

MATT MURDOCK
Listen. I don't intimidate easy.
(link)
So if you want to hit me, why don't you just get on with it and stop wasting my time.

4) Pike PUNCHES Matt hard across the jaw! Matt's head snaps sideways, the shades flying off--

FX
WHAKK

PAGE 10

1) Matt sprawls on his knees in the dust, wiping blood from his lip with the back of his hand. Pike looms behind him. Matt keeps his eyes shut, so they won't see his blind eyes.

PIKE
What's the matter, city boy? Don't got no fight in ya?

MATT MURDOCK
Are you...
(link)
Are you done now...?

2) Pike KICKS Matt hard in the stomach! Matt doubles over in agony, curled on his side--

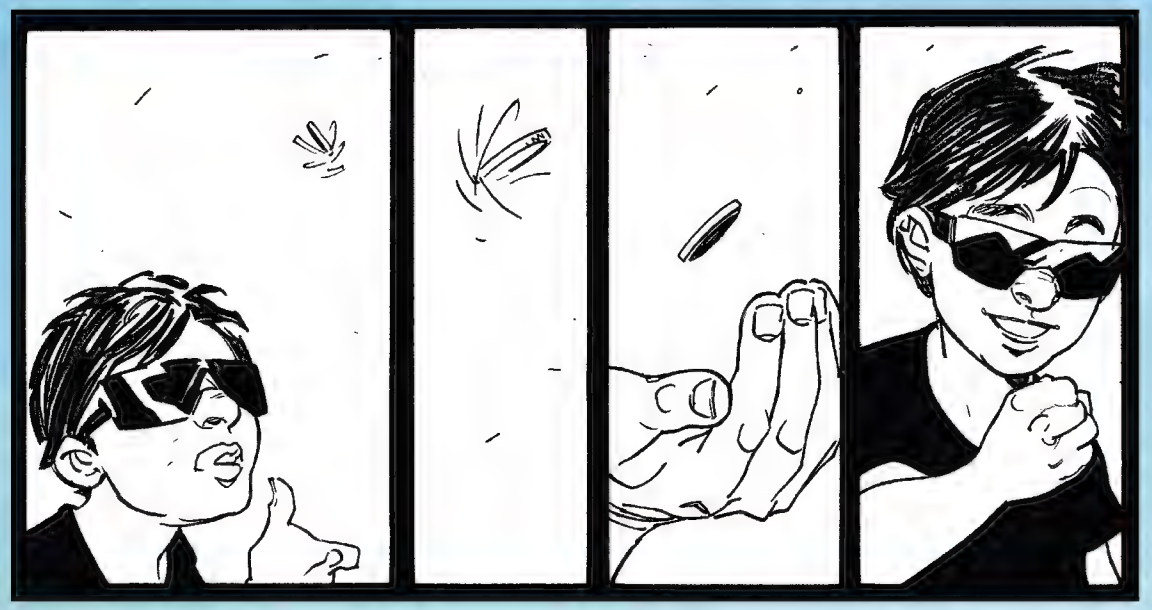
PIKE
Not by a long sight.

FX
WHUD

MATT MURDOCK
Oof--!

3) BIG! All four thugs start viciously kicking and punching Matt, who has curled up into a tight fetal ball in the dust, with his forearms cradling his face and head. Matt just takes the beating, not even trying to fight back. The kid yells and tries to pull Pike away, but it's hopeless--

KID
Leave him! Leave him alone--!



PAGE 11

1) Angle on SHERIFF COLE, stepping out of a police squad car and FIRING his Glock 31 pistol into the air. He's in his early 50s; a tough, broad-shouldered old bastard wearing the black-and-gray New
Mexico State Police uniform and metal Sheriff's star. Gray moustache.

SHERIFF COLE
Alright, break it up!

FX
BLAM

2) Widen. POV from behind Cole as he approaches the scene, holstering his weapon. Pike and his cronies turn to him, stepping away from Matt's prostrate form...

PIKE
Just a mutual misunnerstandin', Sheriff.

SHERIFF COLE
Looks more like a one-sided misunnerstandin' to me, Pike.
(link)
I imagine you must have work to do. So go on, get to it.

3) POV looking up past Matt as he picks up his shades. Behind, Pike jabs a threatening, accusatory finger at him as he and his men saunter away.

PIKE
I'll see you again, city boy.

4) Sheriff Cole helps Matt to his feet.

SHERIFF COLE
You alright, son?

MATT MURDOCK
(ragged)
Aren't you...going to...arrest him...?

SHERIFF COLE
His word against yours, who started it. 'Less you both wanna spend the night in lock-up?

5) Matt slips his dusty shades back on. He looks battered and bruised, split lip.

MATT MURDOCK
He's carrying...a concealed firearm...
(link)
You need a license...to carry concealed...in the state of New Mexico.

PAGE 12

1) Sheriff Cole's eyes narrow, suspicious and disapproving.

SHERIFF COLE

Well now, ain't you just the legal eagle.

2) Widen into a two-shot, Cole and Matt. Leave enough dead space for back-and-forth dialogue.

SHERIFF COLE
Let's see some I.D.

MATT MURDOCK
I'm not carrying any I.D.

SHERIFF COLE
Driver's license?

MATT MURDOCK
I don't drive.
(link)
Please. I just need a place to stay for the night.

3) Cole jabs a thumb back towards the squad car behind him.

SHERIFF COLE
Reckon I might be able to help you with that.
(link)
Get in.

4) The kids stands beside the squad car now, looking in at Matt. Matt sits in the back seat, facing forward, stoney-faced, ignoring the kid.

KID
Hey, mister...

5) Wide. The kid is left standing here alone as the squad car drives away down the dusty street. He looks very small and alone.

KID
... Please don't go.

PAGE 13

1) Wide, high angle establishing shot. The squad car pulled up outside a BUS DEPOT, Matt and Cole stepping out. The depot is little more than a concrete roof standing over rows of metal benches. The whole place falling into disrepair. The words BUS DEPOT spelled out in free-standing letters on the roof, several of them missing or fallen over.

SHERIFF COLE
You can sleep here.
MATT MURDOCK
On a bench...?
(link)
I thought you were taking me to a motel, or a boarding house...

2) Matt turns to Cole, who stands at the open driver's door of the squad car.

SHERIFF COLE
You don't like it, there's always the county jail.
MATT MURDOCK
You'd arrest me? For what...?

3) Matt's POV. Medium close on Cole, sour-faced. He holds up a mobile phone, taking our photo with it.

SHERIFF COLE
Vagrancy.
(link)
Don't test me, son.
FX
snak

4) Cole now sits in the driver's seat, looking out at Matt through the open door.

MATT MURDOCK
Did you just take my photo...?

SHERIFF COLE
First bus leaves town seven in the A.M.
(link)
I expect you to be on it.

5) Matt stands, kit-bag over his shoulder, watching the squad car drive away.

PAGE 14

1) BIG. Full-width panel. Matt walks towards us down the long, straight road heading south out of town, opposite side to the way he came in. The town stretched out behind him. The sun low in the sky to the west, shadows stretching out long across the badlands. The terrain here is rougher, more broken than to the north of town. Low, rocky foothills to the south.

CAPTION
Doesn't take a genius to figure this town has secrets. But it's not my problem.

CAPTION
I can't help them. I can't help anybody.

2) High angle. Matt walking down the long, lonely road that stretches on into infinity...

CAPTION
It was always just arrogance to think I could put the world to rights.

CAPTION
I'd stick my nose in where it wasn't wanted, and before you know it, somebody gets hurt.

CAPTION
Somebody gets killed.

3) Matt stops.

CAPTION
Not any more. I've put all that behind me. I've--

CAPTION
Wait.

4) Matt turns, sniffing the air.

CAPTION
Something on the air. Mimosa.
Desert sage...

FX
snff snff

5) High angle, looking straight down on Matt from high above. The road runs north-to-south through the panel. Matt walks off the road, heading straight out sideways away from it, into the badlands. He's walking west, so the setting sun sends his shadow stretching out behind him and across the road like a cross...

CAPTION
And something else.

CAPTION
Something bad.

PAGE 15

1) Wide exterior establishing shot of the town POLICE STATION. A two-storey corner office building. Cole's squad car parked outside. It's now NIGHT.

2) Interior establishing shot of the police station. Open-plan office behind a counter. Cells in back. DEPUTY PEABODY (30s) sits at a computer terminal as Sheriff Cole lifts the flap on the counter, strolling in. Another cop, OFFICER DRAKE (40s), sits behind the counter. Give each of the town cops a distinctive look so we can tell them apart in uniform.

SHERIFF COLE
Peabody, you get an I.D. on that photo I sent you?

DEPUTY PEABODY
Did I ever, Sheriff Cole. He's all over the Federal system like a rash...

3) Cole stands behind Peabody, both of them peering at the computer screen. Peabody is nervously excited, while Cole clearly doesn't like what he sees on screen. Leave room for back-and-forth dialogue.

DEPUTY PEABODY
Matthew Murdock. New York defense lawyer. Pro-bono, mostly...

SHERIFF COLE
Do-gooder.

DEPUTY PEABODY
Registered blind...

SHERIFF COLE
The hell he is.

DEPUTY PEABODY
An' here's the kicker. Hang onto yer hat, Sheriff...

4) Angle on the screen, where we see MATT MURDOCK'S prison I.D. photo and a grainy news photo of DAREDEVIL in action.

DEPUTY PEABODY
(off-panel)

He's a super-hero.

PAGE 16
1) Cole straightens, bottling up his dismay. Peabody turns to look up at him.

SHERIFF COLE
Son of a--

DEPUTY PEABODY
'Least the Feds think he is. Never proved nothin', but you know how it is with them secret identity types.
2) Cole turns away from us, pacing restlessly.

SHERIFF COLE
Knew I shoulda put him in the cage.
(link)
Last thing we need's some longjohns wearin' peckerwood snoopin' around, now of all times...

3) Cole's POV. Peabody looks up at us.

DEPUTY PEABODY
You want us to go pick him up?

4) Cole turns back to us, hard-faced.

SHERIFF COLE
Pick him up...
(link)
... an' put him down.

PAGE 17
1) Low angle. Matt Murdock clambers through a narrow rocky pass, silhouetted from behind by a full moon.

2) BIG. POV looking down from behind Matt as he clambers down towards an old derelict QUARRY. A couple of porta-cabin outbuildings, a rusty backhoe, a yellow JCB bulldozer. Stacks of oil drums. Most of the quarry basin is flooded with a deep LAKE, overhung by sheer cliff walls. The silhouette of a CRANE hangs over the cliff above the lake.

3) Low angle, ground-level POV. Matt stands tall, dropping his kit bag. Listening, smelling the night air...

FX
snff snff

4) Small inset. Matt picks up a rusty shovel that's leaning against the side of a cabin.

5) Matt starts digging in the flat expanse of dusty ground in the middle of the quarry.

PAGE 18

1) Small inset. Low angle, looking up at Matt. He looks SHOCKED.

2) FULL-PAGE SPLASH. Matt has uncovered a shallow MASS GRAVE. At least half a dozen dead bodies lie there, in a state of advanced decomposition. Faces skeletal. The corpse on top is dressed in a rotting Sheriff's uniform...

3) Small inset. Close on the Sheriff's badge, glinting dully in the moonlight...

PAGE 19

1) Full-width panel. A police squad car comes ROARING down the desert road towards us, lights flashing! Two men inside, just silhouettes.

FX
WWWWEEEEEEOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWEEEOOOOO

2) Matt stands at the side of the road, waving both arms in the air to attract the attention of the approaching cop car. Rocky foothills close behind him.

MATT MURDOCK
Police! Over here! Stop--!

3) Low angle from the road, looking up at the car's front wheel and headlamp GLARE as it SCREAMS towards us, asphalt thundering past in a blur --

4) Close on Matt suddenly floodlit by the headlights, his RADAR SENSE triggering, radiating out across the background --

PAGE 20

1) BIG, almost full-page image. The police car has swerved off the road and DRIVES STRAIGHT AT MATT, trying to kill him! Matt LEAPS forward, somersaulting up and over the hood of the car, so it misses him by mere inches --

2) Matt lands in a nimble, cat-like crouch. Knees bent, the splayed fingertips of one hand touching the ground. The other hand held out sideways for balance. Dynamic, bad-ass, ready for war --

PAGE 21

1) The cop car SLEWS sideways off the side of the road, throwing up a huge cloud of dust as it skids to a halt --

2) Deputy Peabody AIMS his Glock 31 at us over the top of the open squad car door. He holds the gun two-handed, professional.

DEPUTY PEABODY
(jagged)
Freeze, Murdock!

3) Deputy Peabody and Officer Drake advance from the car, guns held ready. Each of them holds a flashlight in their left hand, using their left forearm as a rest for their gun-hand. The flashlights throw a CRUMPLED BLACK SHAPE in the foreground into stark silhouette...

OFFICER DRAKE
There he is...

DEPUTY PEABODY
You even twitch, I put you down like a dog.

4) Peabody crouches to examine the shape -- Matt's KIT-BAG, which lies abandoned in the dust. Drake looks around, peering into the desert darkness...

DEPUTY PEABODY
Shoot. Just his kit bag.

OFFICER DRAKE
Did we hit him? I don't see no body.
(link)
Could be he ran for it...

5) Peabody stands, turns to Drake, who now walks over to him. Both of them lit by the squad car's headlamps.

DEPUTY PEABODY
Well let's go get him, then.
(link)
Can't have gotten far. Blind man in the dark...

PAGE 22

FULL-PAGE SPLASH! Low angle, looking up past Peabody and Drake from ground level. They are half-turning, half-sensing movement behind them. Above them is the full moon. And LEAPING out from the rocks behind them, twenty feet up in the air, is the silhouette of MATT MURDOCK! A real Frank Miller action pose, his legs tucked up under him, fists ready, every inch the kung-fu super-hero --

DEPUTY PEABODY
I don't think he's gonna give us any trouble.

FLOATING TEXT
TO BE CONTINUED!

FOR A LISTING OF MORE MARVEL COLLECTIONS, DOWNLOAD

TM & © 2011 MARVEL & SUBS

Go to your local comic shop to pick up these great collections!

And stay tuned to the Marvel App for more amazing collection releases.

To find a comic shop near you visit www.comicshoplocator.com

KAMIC RIDER
MARIKA